BRISTOL IS BUCKS COUNTY'S METROPOLIS

The Bucks County Gazette.

THE GAZETTE Is the Leading Paper of BRISTOL

VOL. XXII. BRISTOL, BUCKS COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1895 NO. 47

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

NEW YORK AND EAST—Arrives at 7.00, 11.00 A. M., 2.00, 7.30 P. M. Closes at 7.00, 8 15, 11.00 A. M., 3 30, 7.00 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA AND WEST.—Arrives at 6.00, 7.45, 9.00, 12.00 A. M., 5.00, 7.30 P. M. Closes at 6.00, 10.00 A. M., 1.35, 2 40, 6.40 P. M.

NEWPORTVILLE—Arrives at 8.00 A. M. and closes at 8.07 A. M.

EMILIE, OXFORD VALLEY, &c—Arrives at 10.10 A. M. Close at 11.45 A. M.

NEWTOWN Stage arrives 11.30 A. M., leaves 1.00 P. M.

Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail

Post Office Closes 8.00 P. M. Saturday, 8.30 P. M. Open Sunday from 8 to 9 A. M.

J. M. WINDER, P. M.

Change of Time.

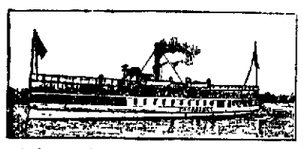
In effect Thursday, June 13th, 1895:

UPPER DELAWARE RIVER TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.

Steamers Columbia, John A. Warner, Twilight and Trenton.

Leaves Bristol for Philadelphia, week-days, 7, 7.45, 10 and 11.45 a. m; 2, 4 and 5.15 p. m.
Leaves Bristol for Philadelphia, Sundays, 8.00 and 10 30 a. m.; 3.30, 4 and 5.15 p. m.
Leaves Philadelphia for Bristol, week-days, 7.45, 10 and 11.30 a. m.; 2, 3.30, 4.30 and 6 p. m.
Leaves Philadelphia for Bristol, Sundays, 8 30 and 11.30 a. m.; 2, 3.30 and 6 p. m.
Leaves Bristol for Trenton, week-days, 11 45 a. m.; and 5.05 p. m.
Leaves Bristol for Trenton, Sundays, 10.25 a. m., 1 30 and 5.20 p. m.
Leaves Trenton for Bristol, week-days, 8.45 a m, 2.30 p m.
Leaves Trenton for Bristol, Sundays, 9.00 a. m., 12.15 and 3.45 p. m.
Steamer Trenton stops each way at Florence.
Excursion to Philadelphia, 40c.
Single fare to Philadelphia, 25c.
Excursion to Trenton, 25c.
Single fare to Trenton, 15c.
☞July 4th, same time as Sunday.

THE INTER-STATE STEAMBOAT CO. TIME TABLE.



A cheap and enjoyable excursion every day, including Sundays.

Steamer Pokanoket

on and after Sunday, June 9th, 1895, will leave Bristol at 8 15 a. m. for Philadelphia and Lincoln Park. Arrive at Philadelphia about 10.15 a. m., arrive at Lincoln Park about 11.30. Returning, leave Lincoln Park at 2 30 p. m.—giving three hours on the grounds. Will leave Philadelphia for Bristol, Florence, White Hill and Trenton at 4 p m. from Walnut Street wharf. Fare to Philadelphia, 25c. Excursion, 40c. Bristol to Lincoln Park and return, 50c.

The 10 30 trip from Philadelphia to Bordentown and return will be discontinued from the above date.

Steamer Florence

Leaves Bristol for Philadelphia at 8 30 a. m.
Leaves Philadelphia for Bristol at 3.00 p. m
SUNDAYS—Leaves Bristol for Phila., 9.30 a. m
Leaves Phila. for Bristol, 6 30 p. m.
Boats land in Philadelphia at Walnut Street.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

In effect January 14th, 1895.

Leave Bristol for Phila. (Broad St.), *2.46, 5.30, 6 30, 6.51, 7.21, 7.41, *8.12, 8 23, *9.14, 9 51, *10.26 A. M. 12 05, 12.55, *1.17, *3.03, 3.10, 4 02, 4.55, 5 37, 5 43, 6.25, *7.00, 8.09, 8 30, 9 27, *11 03 P. M.

Sunday trains, *2 46, 7.00, *8.11, 9.00, *10 26 A. M. *12.04, 12 25, 5.00, 5.43, *7.21, 8.00, 8.50, 9.28, *11.03 P. M.

Leave Phila. (Broad St.) for Bristol, 12 01, *3.20, 6.07, 6 28, *6 50, *7.34, *8 14, 8 30, 9.52, *11 14 A. M. 12.01, 12 50, 1.50, 2.43, 3.32, *3.52, 4.30, *5.00, 5.02, 5.25, *6 00, 6.02, 6.21, 7.27, 9.17, *10 00, 11.15 P. M.

Sunday trains, 12.01, 7.40, *8 30, 9.05, 11.45 A. M. 2.00, *5 20, 5 53, *6.20, *6.30, 7.27, *8.12, *10.00, 10.25 P. M.

(*) Express trains.

For further particulars apply to the ticket agent at the station.

S. M. PREVOST, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passenger Agent

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

—Any person sending to this office the names of two new subscribers, and two dollars, will receive the paper free for one year, —three copies of the paper one year for two dollars.

—A number of keyless lock-boxes will be placed in the Bristol post-office, and ready for use on July 1st.

—Rev. A. O. Smith will address the congregation of the Second Baptist Church at Mohican Hall, on next Sunday.

—Mr. E. W. Minster was yesterday appointed by Governor Hastings Factory Inspector for the Bucks-Montgomery district.

—List of letters remaining in Bristol post-office, June 27th, 1895; L, Clayton Beers, Wm. Mellor, Ellen Gibney, M. A. Donalson, Dan Cullinan.

—Captain Fenton's steamer, Nellie Bly, was burned at her wharf at Pennsville, N. J., last Monday night. Captain Fenton estimates his loss at $3500.

—The annual election of the Junior Order United American Mechanics will be held this evening at Mohican Hall, when officers will be chosen for the ensuing year.

—At the GAZETTE job office a large stock of envelopes, cards, bill heads, statements, are kept on hand and everything in the printing line executed without unnecessary delay.

—Sixty wheelmen came through Bristol on Saturday afternoon, out of ninety who started from New York on a 150-mile run, to terminate in Philadelphia. They returned the next morning.

—At the monthly meeting of the Board of Managers of the Bristol Library held on last Thursday evening a number of new books were ordered to be purchased. It is not anticipated that any future additions to the library will be made until the September meeting.

—The steam yacht Yankee Doodle, which went up the river Friday on her way to the Hudson where she was to be a participant in the races to be held on Saturday, broke a fluke of her screw in the canal above Bordentown, compelling her to return to Philadelphia The Yankee Doodle is capable of making 28 knots an hour.

—Two of Bristol's young men, on their way home from a fandango at Laughorne on Wednesday evening, beheld a prominent young lawyer of the town and his neighbor upon the roof about two o'clock in the morning in a half-dazed condition, looking for burglars. The awful scare proved to be a few cats of the neighborhood attending prayer meeting.

—Mrs. Adaline Street, wife of Jonathan Street, died at her home in Wenona, Ill., on the 17th inst., in the 75th year of her age. Mrs. Street was born in Hulmeville, this county, and was formerly a resident here, her husband being a merchant. They left Bristol in 1855 and settled in Wenona. Daniel Street, who resides on Radcliffe street, is a brother of Jonathan Street.

Personal Mention.

Miss Frances Landreth is at Longport, New Jersey.

Miss Laura Miller of Burlington, N J., is the guest of Miss Lulu Doron.

Miss Lidie Taylor of Cambridge, Ohio, is the guest of Miss Eloise O. Thomas.

Mrs. Wm. G. Buckman has gone to Easton, Pa., where she will spend the summer.

Mrs. Jesse O. Thomas, who has been visiting her sister in Cleveland, Ohio, returned home to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Durkin and Miss Durkin sailed on the steamer Entrnia last Saturday, for England.

Miss Margaret Stryker and Miss Bessie Stryker of Riverside, N. J., are the guests of Miss Anna Runyan.

Miss Harriet Sturdevant of Philadelphia, and Miss Leila Read of Landsdowne, are the guests of Miss Louise Swain.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvia Williams of Chicago, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Stacy B. Parsell for several days last week.

Miss Mary and Anna Swain left Bristol on Wednesday morning for Columbia, Pa., where they will remain for several weeks.

Misses Helen and Ethel Gilkeson went to Harrisburg, yesterday, for a two weeks' visit, the guests of Mrs. Hastings, the wife of the Governor.

Mrs. Henry Shields and children of Philadelphia, are spending the week with Dr. and Mrs. W. P. Weaver, at their country residence near Bristol.

Miss Kempton of Philadelphia, who spent several days during the past week at Bloomsdale, the guest of Miss Frances Landreth, returned home on Tuesday.

Lawn Fete.

The annual Lawn Fete of the parish of Christ Church, Eddington, will be held upon the grounds this evening. The supper in connection with the fete, and which is a great feature of the affair, will be served between 5 and 8 o'clock. It is desirable that persons holding supper tickets will observe this notice and come to the fete in good time to be served comfortably by the ladies in attendance at the tables.

Some of the other attractions at the fete will be a booth of useful and fancy articles, with some things as low as ten cents—charming little trifles within the reach of every pocket-book. Ice cream and cake, candy and lemonade, will be sold at reasonable prices; while a fish-pond for little people will furnish lots of fun.

During the whole evening delightful music will be furnished free of charge by the patrons of the fete, and the hours will thus pass rapidly under the many colored lights dotted among the ancient trees of the old Oak Grove Church. Let no one fail in attending the fete, as it is anticipated that a delightful evening will be passed.

Tickets for the supper are to be had at Eddington station, or at J. G. Vandegrift's.

—The annual entertainment given by the pupils of St. Mark's School on last Friday evening drew a large audience. In addition to the songs and drills, a farce entitled "Public Benefactor," and a drama called "Katinka," were given. The programme throughout was excellent and received the hearty and well merited approbation of the audience.

—Bristol has a few patriotic citizens who are going to celebrate the coming 4th of July in a good old-fashioned way. They have secured a canal boat which they propose to anchor in front of the town from which a fine display of fire-works will be given. This will give the people along the river bank an excellent opportunity of witnessing the pyrotechnic exhibition which they will provide.

—Some changes have been made in the arrival and departure of the mails at the Bristol post-office. The 10 o'clock a. m. mail for Philadelphia has been discontinued and a mail at 8.45 established. This gives two Philadelphia mail deliveries in the morning, and will prove of especial advantage to business men here who can now order goods by mail and have their orders filled and delivered by boat on the same day. The 11 o'clock New York mail hereafter closes at 11.30 a. m. and arrives at 9.30 a. m. instead of 10.45.

—The trolley road to Langhorne from Bristol has run into a snag in the refusal of James G. Hibbs to give it the right of way through his farm near Hulmeville. As no right of eminent domain has yet been granted electric railways, the trolley company cannot force a way through condemnation proceedings, as steam roads can. The probabilities are that the next legislature will give electric roads the right of eminent domain. The benefits of such roads to a community are too great to be jeopardized by the obstinacy of one man.

—The Epworth League Chapter connected with the Broad Street M. E. Church of Burlington, N. J., has extended a very cordial invitation to the Bristol Chapter to accompany them on their annual moonlight excursion, down the river as far as Lincoln Park, on the steamer Columbia, Thursday evening, August 1st. Tickets will be 50 cents; children half-fare. The matter will be considered at the next meeting of the Bristol Chapter, which will be held the fore part of next month, and if the invitation is accepted, the tickets on sale will be carefully guarded and can only be procured from the leading officers of the organization.

—Bristol Castle, No. 409, Knights of the Golden Eagle, held their semi-annual election at Mohican Hall on Tuesday evening. The following officers were chosen and will be installed on the following Tuesday: Past Chief, John C. Adams; Noble Chief, Wm. A. Mohre; Vice Chief, Harry Smith; High Priest, Wm. F. Flowers; Venerable Hermit, Edmund Spering; Master of Records, John K. Young; Clerk of Exchequer, Edward M. Leigh; Keeper of Exchequer, N. Morgan Stephen: Sir Herald, Robert Hetherington; Trustees, James Neill; Representative to the Grand Castle, John B. Yost. After the installation next Tuesday the Noble Chief will appoint the following offices: Worthy Bard, Worthy Chamberlain, Ensign, Esquire, First Guardsman and Second Guardsman.

—The entertainment at the parish building of St. James Church this evening, consisting of vocal and instrumental music and a laughable farce will doubtless draw a large audience.

Methodist Twilight Service.

One of the most interesting meetings of the twilight series was held on Sunday evening last. Special preparation had been made by the choir, and as a natural consequence the singing eclipsed that of all former occasions. The duet by Miss Florence Hutchins and Mrs. Arthur Leafe, and the quartette by Messrs. Quicksall, Stephenson, Yost and Guy, were very beautifully rendered and highly enjoyed.

The meeting was in charge of Mr. Richard Allen, a prominent member of the Wesleyan Brotherhood, who performed his duty in a very able and efficient manner. Mr. Jacob Young, an aged member of the church, made the opening prayer. Mr. Charles Butler, an earnest worker in the ranks of the Y. M. C. A. of Camden, N. J., addressed the meeting. Just preceding his remarks he sang one of his new compositions entitled, "Jordan's Caves," accompanying himself on the autoharp. At the conclusion, by special request, he sang that beautiful but pathetic selection, "Mother's Precious Face." His remarks were of a very interesting character, being directed especially toward the sinner. The attendance was over 300. Seats have been built upon the lawn, thus making the accommodations now ample for all who desire to come.

On Sunday evening next, Rev. C. Smith of Trenton, N. J., will address the meeting. By a chemical process he will demonstrate the action of sin upon the human heart, and the subsequent changes when the rays of divine enlightenment penetrate its darkened chambers. X. Y. Z.

Miss Baker's Musicale.

The Musicale given by the pupils of Miss M. C. Baker on Tuesday evening at the parish building of the St. James Church, was a musical treat beyond expectation. The building, which was well filled with the friends and relatives of the performers (a number of whom were from Philadelphia) was prettily decorated with greens and flowers, and the young ladies looked particularly "fetching."

Miss Baker was the recipient of a box of handsome roses and many congratulations upon the proficiency of her scholars and the success of the musicale. Following is the programme as rendered:

Faust March—Miss Rachie Groom.
Chorus—Greeting Glee.
Piano Duet—Les Inseparables—Miss Nellie Pope and Agnes Wink.
The Little Wanderer—Emma Barton.
Pleasant Memories—Carrie Gilkeson.
Il Trovatore—Florence Stuckert.
The Robin's Song—May Fine.
On the Meadow—Ethel Pursell.
Chapel in the Mountains—Nina Wardman
Valse Deuxieme—Jessie Wright.
Serenade—Julia Maberry.
Martha—Laura Fine.
Song—Florence White.
Con Amore—Bessie Beatty.
Narcissus—Louise Swain.
La Truite Florence White.
Song—Carrie Gilkeson.
A Song in May—Agnes Wink.
En Courant—Anna Runyan.
Chorus—Happy Children's March.
Funeral March of a Marionette—Miss Anna Swain.
La Papillon—Lulu Doron.

School Commencement.

June is the month of commencements as well as the month of roses, and they go happily together. A well-regulated commencement without the beautifying charm of flowers would be a sober and sombre affair.

At the Bristol High School Commencement last Friday evening, the attractive profusion of floral tributes, incident to the occasion, added their fragrant loveliness to the brilliant and successful event.

The heat of the evening was a discomforting drawback, and under the trying circumstance the patient endurance of the audience might fitly be regarded as a testimonial in favor of the evening's entertainment.

The orchestra was another and even an essential feature of the occasion, not only as a delightful part in the order of exercises, but also as a source of delight to the large audience, which quite overflowed the available space in the Assembly Room. It was the first time this room was used for a High School Commencement.

The following is a copy of the

PROGRAMME:

March—Manhattan Beach, Orchestra
Prayer, Rev. C. H. Rorer, A. M.
Song—Come We With Glad Song, School
Recitation—Ideas the Life of a People, Charles Silbert
Essay—History of the Flag, Geo. L. Jarvis
Music—Dove's Return Waltz, Orchestra
Essay—The Story of Hiawatha, Rebecca Atkin
Recitation—The Pilgrim's Vision, Alice Rousseau
Musical Selection—Honeymoon March, Elizabeth Wright and Emily Peterson
Essay—Electricity—Its Past, Present and Future, Harry T. Boyd
Music—All-On-Board Gallop, Orchestra
Essay—Famous Rides, Charles R. Carty
Recitation—The Ruggles' Christmas Party, Lila Morrison
Music—Lion Tamer's Waltz, Orchestra
Essay—An Evening's Revery, Elizabeth Force
Song—Hope Brightly Gleams, School
Valedictory—Selected Thoughts on Commencement, Letitia A. Everitt
Presentation of Certificates, John K. Wildman, Pres. of Board
Music—May Bells Polka, Orchestra
Song—Good-Night, School

It was the eighth annual commencement, and the class exceeded in number any of its predecessors. How bright and happy the whole school looked as it marched up the middle aisle and took its place on the platform. From many a lip fell words of commendation, expressed in behalf of the graduating class, so attractive to the eye, and so well deserving of the praise that admiration accords to its objects.

If I may be allowed to comment on the prayer by Rev. Charles H. Rorer, A. M., let me say that the words were happily fitted to the occasion, and were deeply impressive in tone and character.

Each separate exercise is worthy of some expression in its favor. The recitation by Charles Silbert, who has not outgrown his amiability and good qualities as a student, did his part well; and George L. Jarvis gave a very interesting account of the flag, which should be kept as a compact history of that beautiful emblem of our nationality. Rebecca Atkin seemed to be perfectly at home with that picturesque Indian which we know as Hiawatha, and her beautiful essay worthily presented the pathetic story of that fabulous "Red Man of the Forest." The "Pilgrim's Vision," by Alice Rousseau, was a delightful thing, beautifully recited, and the performance was worthy of praise. Elizabeth Wright and Emily Peterson, one with her violin and the other at the piano, gave together a sweet feast of music which awakened a demand for more. Harry T. Boyd's smart essay on "Electricity" was listened to with marked attention, for people are eager to know all about this mysterious agent, which has come to the front like some genius out of a classical fable. The essay had its humorous side, which was greatly appreciated. "Famous Rides," by Charles R. Carty, was something of a novelty in its way. It was instructive as well as interesting. Lila Morrison, as usual, acquitted herself most happily, and exhibited a fresh proof of her remarkable memory. "The Ruggles' Christmas Party" gave the audience great enjoyment, not impaired by its length, and the quaint humor of the piece lost none of its quality in the recitation. Elizabeth Force surprised the class with her "Evening's Revery," and her essay was excellent. She has happy faculty of giving brief portraitures in a humorous way of the idiosyncrasies of her classmates, and some of the incidents of school-life as she presented them were highly amusing. The "Valedictory," by Letitia A. Everitt, was a good, solid production, and contained thoughts and sentiments of decided merit. Get it, Mr. Editor, and print it.

I must not forget to say that the superintendent, Miss M. S. Booz, and the teacher, Miss Louise D. Baggs, sat on one end of the platform, coolly, or rather, warmly, regarding the proceedings with eye and ear, no doubt with mingled feelings of anxiety, interest, and pride.

The President of the School Board, in presenting the certificates, spoke, in part, as follows:

You now turn your backs upon school-life, with its trials and its joys, its vexations and its triumphs, and your thoughts turn to the hidden and uncertain future. It does not follow that you must close the doors that lead to further mental improvement and the acquisition of knowledge. Let the school-room serve as the basis of helpfulness and continued exertion in the field of advancement, and on this foundation you may build, if you will, a fuller development of mind and character, using for your higher good the opportunities that may come within your reach, and especially availing yourselves of the elevating service of books. In the language of Sir John Lubbuck, "Few of us make the most of our minds. The body ceases to grow in few years; but the mind, if we will let it, may grow as long as life lasts." Cultivate a taste for reading and let it become a habit with you; it will be to you a fountain of delight as well as a means of intellectual growth, and through its magic influence you will be conscious of the process of improvement and win the precious adornment of culture.

As you go on in the diversified path of life you will find opportunities for enjoyment, opportunities for usefulness, and opportunities for lending a helping hand to those who will be grateful for your help. Be not indifferent to those things which awaken humane feelings in your hearts, and be always kind. Let not selfishness lay its cramping and chilling hand upon you, and be alert in well-doing. Whatever may be your lot in life, whether it be lowly and obscure, or conspicuous in the gaze of the world, strive to do your best; act worthily; live beautiful lives; be wise in your joys and strong in your sorrows; and try to make the little corner of your lives somewhat better and brighter, fairer and nobler, always shedding around you the cheerful sparkle of a sweet and kindly influence.

He took occasion to say that the averages of the members of the class were so nearly uniform that the differences were represented by tenths; and that the essays that were not read (for the life of a commencement is not long enough for everything) were all meritorious, and entitled to commendation.

Each graduate was presented with a beautiful book, the gift of the School Board.

Members of former classes, in a serious and dignified manner, performed the solemn and noiseless duty of decorating the class of '95 with the pretty school badge. They all beamed with radiant signs of happiness and congratulation.

Great credit is due to both teacher and superintendent for all that contributed so fully to the success of the occasion, and while one sanctioned the certificates that were issued by authority of the Board, and gave due supervision to the work of the graduates, the other's dutiful care and assiduous attention, covering an extended period of time, were important factors in making the authority and the sanction possible. W.

Dalzell for Gilkeson.

In a letter in the Pittsburg Times, Congressman Dalzell comes out in a statement strongly endorsing Hon. B. F. Gilkeson's selection as State Chairman of the Republican Committee. He says:

If Senator Quay's friends are to be believed he has given orders that State Chairman Gilkeson must be deposed and some person of the Senator's own choosing placed at the head of the party organization. I have never heard it questioned that Gilkeson has been one of the best chairmen the Republican party has ever had in this or any other State. He is an indefatigable worker; his methods are clean, and he has been so fair in all his dealings that every Republican in the State has come to feel that he had a voice in the party management and that any suggestion he could offer would receive consideration. The result has been the growth of the Republican majority in the State from 62,000 to 243,000; a better and more healthy organization than has been known in the history of the party within my knowledge. Yet, despite this result, we are now told that Senator Quay has determined that Gilkeson be humiliated, as Governor Hastings and the party at large have been, in the matter of apportionment, and the Senator is represented as being so much in earnest as to enter the lists for the State chairmanship himself to carry out his alleged purpose.

—Captain Samuel K. Stackhouse, formerly of Bristol, died at his daughter-in-law's residence in West Philadelphia on Tuesday, at the advanced age of 87 years. Captain Stackhouse was one of the oldest of the Delaware river steamboat captains, and is well remembered by many Bristolians. The funeral took place to-day, the remains being interred in the Episcopal burying ground.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE FIGHT OF THE LEADERS.

Megacephalus, or in plain English, "Big-Head," is a disease peculiar to politicians, and frequently results in political paralysis or even death. Just now Senator Matthew Stanley Quay seems to be suffering from a very severe attack of it and because of it, unless all signs fail, the great Republican population of this great Republican Commonwealth of Pennsylvania is about to witness the most utterly disgusting exhibition of personal malice and political filth that any State has seen for many a long year.

"The leaders are fighting," the mud-throwing has already commenced, the Hon. Jack Robinson having the honor of drawing first blood in this line through the columns of the Philadelphia Inquirer, and soon perhaps vituperation will be the order of the day. Granted that Senator Quay has lost his old time sense, has he no friend to tell him that a fight of the leaders is one of the seeds that produce mugwumps? Occurrences like this make decent men shudder in disgust and ask each other, "Who owns this State, any way?" and determine to show their own personal independence by the no doubt foolish but still natural performance of cutting the ticket.

If there is one thing beyond all others that is utterly unnecessary and inexcusable—if there is one thing beyond all others that the Republicans of Pennsylvania do not want—if there is one thing beyond all others that possesses the possibility of deeply injuring the Republican cause in this greatest of Republican States, it is a fight within the party. And what is the cause of it all? Simply that Senator Quay's head is swelled, and it has become the duty of the Republican press of the State to get the ice-cloths ready, and of all good Republicans to assist in tying them on his throbbing temples, and thus endeavor to reduce the swelling and the inflammation and save the life of the sufferer if possible. Senator Quay is too valuable a man to lose.

As a politician he has stood head and shoulders above the rest of his party throughout the entire United States. The country has not forgotten that to him is due the credit of Mr. Harrison's election, but notwithstanding this the Republican party of Pennsylvania can not consent to surrender its entire freedom to Senator Quay, and particularly to Senator Quay while a victim of this hideous disease of megacephalus, when he is really not Senator Quay at all Could a victorious army place in supreme command one of its most noted generals who had suddenly gone crazy and attacked his fellow-officers?

Of course the politicians will range themselves to suit themselves under the opposing banners of the opposing leaders. We are not concerned about them. The politicians can usually take care of themselves, and we think our fellow-townsman, Hon. B. F. Gilkeson is, among others, quite equal to the task of saving his own skin; but we are concerned that the Republican voters should look at the matter carefully, and whatever the issue may be, carefully remember who is to blame.

What are the facts that have preceded this unseemly wrangle and probably disgraceful fight? The last nomination for Mayor of Philadelphia did not happen to go as Senator Quay desired. Almost instantly his hat failed to fit, and he denounced the man upon the floor of the United States Senate who was, or was supposed to be, the cause of his ill humor. Perhaps this was bad taste. But it was followed up by the appointment of a committee to investigate Philadelphia by the Legislature of Pennsylvania. Perhaps this was worse taste. Now, do not get muddled, good Republican reader. We are not asserting that Philadelphia should not be investigated. Perhaps the city's politics is utterly rotten; perhaps one of the city's leaders is all that Senator Quay said he was. That isn't the point.

The point is, that the investigation was proposed, not for the good of Philadelphia or of the Republican party, but simply to gratify what would be the personal malice of Senator Quay, if his affliction of megacephalus did not make it uncharitable to use such a harsh term. The investigation, therefore, is not virtuous, but simply an exhibition of shocking bad taste, due as we say to the disease of the instigator. If this had been all—if the Senator's disease could have been checked at this point, no very great harm would have been done; but it grew worse.

It so happens that the people of this great Commonwealth, Democrats and Republicans alike, by a large majority earnestly desire that the constitutional provision regarding apportionment should be carried out. The Republicans elected as Governor, by an unheard of majority, a man well known to be in favor of apportionment. The Republican papers by an enormous majority echoed the demands of the people for apportionment for which they had waited so long. A large majority of Republicans in the State Legislature wanted and voted for apportionment, and why was it not done? Simply because Senator Quay, for no good reason that he has yet given, did not want it, and suffering from this horrid attack of megacephalus proceeded with his own hands to deliberately murder the proper and lawful effort of the Republicans of Pennsylvania.

No greater political crime was ever committed. No more abject and insulting humiliation was ever put upon the freedom and integrity of a great State than was exhibited when Senator Quay went to Harrisburg and openly and deliberately proclaimed to the whole world that in his opinion he absolutely owned the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and then with the aid of the Democrats proceeded to prove it. We can only ask our sister States to believe that it was the act of a once able leader, reduced to idiocy by megacephalus.

We appeal to the Republicans of Pennsylvania to remember that if Senator Quay wins this fight, the Republican party of Pennsylvania will present to the country the sorrowful spectacle of a magnificent army being led to destruction by a general rendered insane from megacephalus. Even the apportionment business could have been passed by, but Senator Quay in his delirium stamped his foot and screamed in rage:

"Now, curse you, you see who is master here. I'll teach you to talk about apportionment or anything else that I don't want. I'll take the chairmanship, and drive this Republican party of mine to the devil if I want to. 'Scat!'"

Fortunately, as the result will surely prove, the other leaders didn't 'scat. Hence the fight—a fight on the part of the administration not to down or even to injure a great leader, but simply to overcome and bind a megacephalitic maniac.

If Senator Quay has any friends who are not suffering from the contagion of his disease let them warn him in time that, able leader as he is, he cannot be allowed to do as he, and he only, pleases, and that there are other leaders perfectly competent to guide the party. Let his friends take care of him. We predict that unless his disease can be checked at once, this fearful megacephalus will finish him up in short order as it did Roscoe Conkling and Walter Q. Gresham.

Senator Quay's friends are trying to make it appear that some one is fighting him. Let no one be deceived. Nobody yet has struck a blow but Senator Quay. So far from anybody wanting to fight him, even after he had disgraced and dishonored his party and his state by his action in the apportionment matter, so great was the respect for his ability and the recognition of his past services that he could have remained at Brigantine or have retired to his Lancaster county farm or even to his Florida plantation and no one would have thought of making any effort to interfere with his tenure of his office, his emoluments or his patronage. It was Senator Quay himself who started the battle at every point.

The Hon. Jack Robinson says it is bad politics to have a member of the administration occupy the position of chairman of the State Committee.

We yield our opinion to the Hon. Jack, because the Hon. Jack is, or ought to be, a good judge of what is bad politics. True the anti-machine virtuous talk doesn't sound like the Hon. Jack, but this is his first attack of virtue and it is no wonder that he says strange things—for him. But he proves too much. If it is bad politics to retain Mr. Gilkeson as chairman of the State Committee because this would be odious and would turn the administration into one huge machine, how much worse politics, how much more odious will it be to make Senator Quay chairman and thus establish not merely a machine but a dictator. We predict that Mr. Gilkeson will remain in the chairmanship.

Gilkeson to Robinson.

B. F. Gilkeson, chairman of the Republican State committee, has sent a letter to Congressman John S. Robinson, in reply to the latter's strictures for the State Chairman, regarding his calling the State Convention for August 28, without the authority of the committee, and complaining of the fact that no audit was made of the expenditure of the $100,000 which comprised the fund handled by the State Chairman in the campaign last fall.

Mr. Gilkeson states in his letter that in April last he sent to each one of the 121 members of the State committee a circular letter, asking them if the date, August 28, would be suitable to them and their constituents for holding the State Convention. He received 103 replies, one of them from Mr. Robinson himself, stating that the date named would be satisfactory.

He states regarding the auditing of the State committee's accounts that he has only followed the example of his predecessors in the position of State Chairman, including Russell Errett, Henry M. Hoyt, M. S. Quay (during his two years of service), John Cessna, Thomas V. Cooper (during his long period of service), William H. Andrews and General Frank Reeder, in not having the accounts audited.

B. B. C. Notes.

There will be no regular club runs announced till last of August.

Phil Halzell, Jr., and Charlie Stackhouse took a little trip to Asbury Park and returned on their wheels last week.

The Alabama Corps had its regular run last Sunday, with a full attendance of members; the destination was Hulmeville.

The Double Century Run of the Manhattan Bicycle Club from New York to Philadelphia and return, went through our town last Saturday; 50 men finished the run.

The Survivor's medals for the Century run are expected next week; some of our members are greatly worried for fear they will not arrive before the L. A. W. meet at Asbury Park.

The steamer Twilight is going to carry passengers to the Bicycle Races at Riverton track, on Monday night. The members should all go, as it will be a treat to see the races by electric light. S.

Excellent for Headache.

"I have received the paper dolls which were sent for one trade mark from Hood's pills and ten cents in stamps and think they are nice. I have taken Hood's Pills for headache and find them excellent."—Mrs. Abraham Boyce, Southampton, Pa.

Business Chance.

WANTED.—A reliable man with $600 cash in hand, to start a branch of our business in this city. Strictly legitimate and honorable; already established in several cities, coining money. $200 per month can easily be made. No patent-right or agency scheme, but a pleasant and permanent office business. Parties having the required capital and meaning business, address, JONES BRADELLE CO., 408 Hussey Bldg, Pittsburg, Pa.

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

PHILADELPHIA, June 27, 1895.—Governor Hastings is placed in an embarrassing position, by the electric light bills which have been laid upon his table for signature. The bills are framed wholly in the interest of private corporations, and entirely adverse to the public. One might think therefore that the Governor would not hesitate a moment to append his veto. He is urged to sign the bills, however, by some of the leading politicians, who with their friends may be benefitted to the extent of millions of dollars thereby, at the expense of the public. These are the men who make nominations, and the Governor stands between the devil and the deep blue sea, the question being whether it is better to offend the leaders who nominate, or the people who elect. The hearing at Harrisburg, on Tuesday, was for the purpose of enabling the Governor to say to the politicians that it would be unwise to so cater to private interests, as to offend the mass of the people. The measures are backed by the Electric Trust of this city, which has a capital of $8,000,000, a trust which prohibits all competition in the bidding for public electric lighting, and extorts exhorbitant prices from the city for its street lights.

If the trust fails to get its bills signed, it will probably be overthrown in a year or two, for it has reached such a state that the people will not submit to its dictation much longer.

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At the sound money meeting of the Union League on Monday night but little was said which was new on the subject. This was doubtless due to the fact that there was no debate. The few advocates of silver advanced not a single argument for free coinage, and there was nothing said which was calculated to draw out the best thought of the sound money leaders. The League goes on record as a gold club with "monometalism" inscribed upon its pennant. Delegates from the Eastern States to the National Republican Convention, will probably all be instructed against silver, while those from the West will be rampant silver men. The most the sound money league can hope to do, is to keep the East solid; it cannot as it is sometimes claimed, prevent the issue being made in the National Convention. One speaker said, "every man should ask himself whether he is a Republican or a Populist and Greenbacker, and if a Republican, he should stand by the gold standard."

There are other principles in the Republican party besides to the one refered to, and life long Republicans do not feel like casting aside their party on the one issue alone. Those who differ from the monometalists have a right to be heard in the counsels of their party. They cannot be stifled, but, if the majority is found upon the other side it will be right for the minority to submit and stick to the party of protection.

***

The battle between Senator Quay and Governor Hastings grows interesting, and if the lines are thus drawn in the Republican State Convention, it can hardly be doubted that the man from Beaver will be found on top. He will win without much help from Philadelphia, where the people resented his attempt to dictate who they should have for mayor. When the Republicans of Philadelphia want to nominate a candidate for mayor, they are quite capable of doing that little act themselves and of electing him by a rousing majority afterwards. Senator Penrose was Quay's candidate for mayor, and Warwick, who was nominated directly against Quay's wishes, owes no allegience to the Junior Senator, and it is not to be expected therefore that the mayor's influence will be in favor of Quay; in fact he has already declared for Hastings. Back of all this struggle for supremacy are the Senatorial plums. Quay and Cameron will unite all their forces to support each other and retain their seats, while a host of ambitious men anxious to be Senators will do their utmost to oust Cameron now, and Quay later on. That is the question which is back of all the contention. F. D. M.

Of Interest to Teachers and their Friends.

On account of the National Educational Association Meeting at Denver, Colo., July 5–12, exceptionally low rates have been made, not only to Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou and Pueblo, but to all points of scenic attraction in Colorado, Utah, and Pacific Coast points, including Salt Lake, Ogden, Yellowstone National Park, California and Alaska. The Chicago and Northwestern and Union Pacific Railways, forming the Chicago, Northwestern and Union Pacific Line, offer advantages which no other route, or combination of routes, can duplicate. With a view to enhancing the interest of the trip and reducing it to the lowest possible cost, various parties are being formed here and there throughout the Middle and Eastern States, under the management of officially appointed directors, whose object is to secure for the teachers and their friends an attractive outing at the lowest cost.

For interesting details regarding the special train excursion that is being formed for the teachers of Pennsylvania, address

Dr. E. ORAM LYTE, Millersville Co., Lancaster, Penna.

T. P. VAILLE, No. 112 So. Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Penna.

H. A. GROSS, No. 423 Broadway, New York City.

A Paradox.

If you are going west of Chicago, to any point in any of the western States—write to JOHN R. POTT, District Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Williamsport, Pa., tell him where you want to go to, how many in the party, if you will have any freight to ship, and he will save you money, by giving you the lowest rates and the quickest time.

A Hunting Trip

Is as important to many a man as a meal of victuals. Where to go nowadays is not an easy matter for many to determine. A little book called "Natural Game Preserves of North America," just published by the Northern Pacific Railroad will aid you in this. Send CHAS. S. FEE, Gen'l Pass. Agent, St. Paul, Minn., four cents in stamps and he will send it.

Oregon Fruit Lands

Still maintain their reputation as the finest of their kind. Let me send you some pamphlets bearing on the subject. You may want a home in that mild, balmy land. Send four cents to CHAS. S. FEE, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Northern Pacific Railroad, St. Paul, Minn.

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Political

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.
THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1895.

THE STATE CHAIRMANSHIP.

The attempt to defeat State Chairman Gilkeson for re-election arouses members of the Republican organization all over Pennsylvania, and should the faction opposed to his continuance in the position persist in their effort the chairmanship contest will be the most interesting feature of the convention which assembles at Harrisburg on August 28th.

Chairman Gilkeson is richly entitled to the honor of another term in the position. His management of last year's campaign was most admirable. The magnificent party majority of nearly a quarter of a million is a tribute to his excellent leadership, which ought to settle the matter in his favor.

The Republican party in the State was never in better condition than it is at this moment, despite the bad leadership which defeated Apportionment at Harrisburg at the last session of the Legislature. This was an absurd blunder which there was not the slightest excuse for making. It was a wanton violation of good faith and honest pledges, for which the party can avoid responsibility only by repudiating the counsel which led to its defeat. No party is strong enough to do violence to public interests by such action, and the only way to save the party from injury is to vindicate the men who were faithful to party pledges.

Chairman Gilkeson represents that element of the party, overwhelming in its strength, which regrets the course of the Legislature in this matter, and which repudiates the leadership that brought about the action taken. He should be kept in the position which he has filled so ably. His retention means another splendid majority in November. In the choice of delegates to the Harrisburg convention care should be taken to see that every person selected occupies the proper position in reference to the election of State Chairman.—Norristown Herald.

Popular Lincoln Park.

"Famous Family Resort," a most appropriate name, indeed, for popular and pretty Lincoln Park, on the Delaware. On needs only to take a single trip to be convinced of this, for there, in the shady grove and picnic grounds, he will find any number of ladies and children, who have gone to the park for a day's outing. They have a delightful sail on the river, and no end of amusements when they reach the grounds. It is a most charming place to take the little ones.

Big preparations are already being made for the Fourth of July. It is proposed to patriotically celebrate the nation's holiday. Wannemacher's big military band has prepared a special programme, almost entirely composed of patriotic airs. Plain, the celebrated fireworks man of New York, who furnishes the big displays at Manhattan Beach, has been engaged to give the patrons of the park one of the grandest fireworks displays they have ever witnessed. Besides this there will be all the other amusements and the beautiful fairyland illumination at night.

There is not a dull moment at this pretty resort, and no reason on earth why everyone who takes the trip cannot enjoy themselves to the utmost. Nowhere near Philadelphia is there the same variety of amusements, such an excellent bond or a fine sail on the river.

The steamer Pokanoket connects with the Lincoln Park boats at Philadelphia, excursion tickets, 50 cents.

Niagara Falls.

In all the wide range of creation there is nothing which approaches Niagara Falls in magnificence or grandeur, nor any other object which inspires the beholder with such awe-inspiring wonder. One must see the great cataract in order to form any conception of its vastness or secure a proper appreciation of its majesty.

The series of tours arranged by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, leaving Philadelphia July 18, August 1 and 15, September 7, and October 8, and Washington and Baltimore July 25, August 8 and 22, September 7, and October 8, affords an excellent opportunity to make the trip at a remarkably small expense.

The rate for round-trip tickets, good for ten days, is $10 from Philadelphia, Washington, and Baltimore, and proportionate rates from other points.

A special train of Pullman parlor cars and day coaches will be run on each of the above-named dates, and a tourist agent and chaperon will accompany each tour—in fact, everything will be done to make the trip attractive and pleasurable.

The tickets will also permit of stopoff at Watkins and Rochester in each direction, and at Buffalo on the return trip.

For specific rates and time of trains application should be made to ticket agents or to Tourist Agent, Room 411, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

Broad Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

Messrs. Nixon & Zimmerman's gorgeous production at the Broad Street Theatre, Philadelphia, of "The Little Tycoon," in its elaborated and beautified form, has evidently settled down to an all-summer run at this delightful theatre. By artificial means the temperature of the Broad Street Theatre is continually kept at a comfortably low degree, and the popular summer prices, including general admission at fifty cents, are a popular and timely innovation. The change of scene of the first act, now showing a fine and faithful representation of the monster steamship, the St. Louis, the pride of the American Line, is universally admired, and among other features of the handsome scenic display attracts prominent attention. The humor of "The Little Tycoon" is constantly being revised and freshened by plentiful localisms, which are kept amply up-to-date in Digby Bell's great topical song, "What Could the Poor Man Do?" Miss Kathryn Linyard is graceful and sweet-voiced as Violet. Miss Gladys Wallis is universally admired as Dolly, and Miss Eva Davenport is quite inimitable as Miss Hurricane, and Will M. Armstrong's splendid baritone is heard with fine effects in the part of Alvin Barry. This week Mr. Joseph F. Sheehan, the favorite tenor of the Bostonians, appears as Rufus Brady.

MAN WITH NINE LIVES

ACCIDENTS SEEM TO HAPPEN TO KLEINBUB IN VAIN.

Stabbed, Cut, Shot and Blown Up, but He Has Stood It All Right—Three Doctors Dead Who Predicted That He Would Die.

As the Fourth of July draws near the friends of George Kleinbub are considering whether it would be advisable to enter into a contract with the hospitals of Brooklyn to take care of him. They are firm in the belief that he will need a hospital on the Fourth, according to a habit of his. Among his neighbors he is known as "the man with nine lives," owing to the number of accidents he has passed through without being killed.

Kleinbub's first accident happened just after his sixth birthday. He was born in Germany, at Durmeisheim, on Sept. 28, 1852. On Sept. 30, 1858, he indulged in the boys' pastime known as "cut behind." A farmer's wagon was going along the road when George decided to take a ride. He cut behind the wagon, and his right leg caught in one of the wheels, whirling him round and round. The farmer drove 50 paces before he discovered George, and when he stopped he found the lad unconscious, cut and bleeding. The doctor at first considered the case hopeless. Finally he succeeded in bringing the lad around all right, but George was left with a broken ankle.

In 1863 his parents moved to Carlsruhe. When 11 years old, he was accidentally shot by sportsmen in the abdomen and right leg just above the knee. For seven weeks his recovery was doubtful. Both bullets were extracted, and young Kleinbub finally recovered.

Five years after he had been shot by the sportsmen he followed a party to a dance and got into a row with a soldier. The soldier drew a knife and stabbed Kleinbub in the head, neck and shoulder. George defended himself, also using a knife, and laid the soldier low with an ugly wound in the abdomen. Fearing arrest, he decided to make his way to America. He did not have enough money to pay his passage, so he decided to sail as a stowaway. Tying a handkerchief over the stab wound in his head, he managed to stop the flow of blood until he got aboard a vessel bound for New York. On Nov. 28, 1868, he landed at Castle Garden. His brother had landed two years before, and George found him in New York after a search of ten days.

He continually complained of pains in the head. The stab had not healed and gave him so much trouble that he consulted a physician about it. He called upon Dr. Schiller, and the doctor made an examination of the wound. This was in 1872.

"My dear man," said the doctor, "there's a piece of the knife in your head, and I suppose it has been there since the day you were stabbed. It appears to be working itself out, so I'll just poultice the wound and keep it open."

Kleinbub kept the wound poulticed until one day the workmen in the sugar house where he worked began throwing wet cloths at one another. One cloth hit Kleinbub on the head, knocking off the poultice and bandage from the wound and causing it to bleed. Kleinbub washed away the blood and felt his head. The hard substance that had been bothering him for four years had disappeared. He afterward found it in the poultice. It proved to be the end of a steel blade half an inch wide and one inch in length. That settled the headaches.

On July 4, 1873, he celebrated Independence day and was severely burned about the hands while setting off firecrackers.

On the following Christmas day, while using a knife to clean a cylinder revolving at the rate of 1,600 revolutions a minute, the knife got caught in a set screw, flew from his grasp and pierced his left arm at the wrist, pinning it against the machine and severing sinews and artery. After that he could not use his left hand. Up to this time he had been left handed. The accident made him right handed. He was 14 weeks in bed nursing his injuries.

In 1886 he opened a saloon. One of his customers had a leg broken, and it was decided to raffle a pistol for his benefit. The raffle was to take place in Kleinbub's saloon, and there the pistol was left. Kleinbub had a pistol of his own which he kept loaded behind the bar. His son Julius wanted to compare the two pistols and took the cartridges from the loaded pistol and fitted them into the pistol that was to be raffled. A customer came in then, and young Kleinbub forgot about the exchange of cartridges. Later the son went to supper, and the father looked after the saloon. A man named Haas entered the place and asked about the raffle. Then he asked permission to examine the pistol. Kleinbub told Haas that the pistol was not loaded, and Haas picked it up and pulled the trigger. A discharge followed, and a bullet entered Kleinbub's left side, grazing the upper portion of his left lung, passing through a rib and lodging in his back. Kleinbub, who was behind the bar, grasped a whisky bottle and proceeded to drink. Haas ran out into the street and summoned help. This time Kleinbub's relatives thought he would surely die. Dr. Hughes probed for the bullet and located it, but was unable to extract it. At this time wagers were laid by Kleinbub's neighbors upon the result. Two weeks later Kleinbub was up and about attending to business as usual.

On July 4, 1888, Kleinbub celebrated Independence day by burning his right ear with a giant cracker. For a week Kleinbub went around with his ear tied up. On July 4 last he broke the celebration record by exploding two kegs of powder. That morning he had purchased an unusually large quantity of fireworks, and the neighbors predicted ill. All day Kleinbub amused himself by firing a big cannon in the yard in the rear of his beer saloon. At night he started in to whoop up things with skyrockets and Roman candles. Then he began to light flowerpots, using a torch he had made by rolling up a piece of newspaper. There were two kegs of powder behind him, one of which had been opened. He placed a flowerpot on the ground, touched it off and threw the lighted torch behind him. He turned around in time to see a flash. A double explosion followed, and Kleinbub found himself on the ground ten feet from where he had been standing. Every pane of glass in the windows about the neighborhood was broken. People ran from their houses, thinking there was an earthquake. Kleinbub's dwelling trembled as if it was about to topple over. When the men in the barroom got over their fright, they hurried to the yard, where they found Kleinbub. He was still conscious. The powder had blinded him and had spotted his face so that he resembled a man who had been tattooed. He remained blind until Oct. 1. Now his sight is fully restored, but the powder marks still remain in his eyes and face.—New York Sun.

Frisky Governor Morton.

Although his gubernatorial dignity does not permit much indulgence in rude sports, it is a fact well known in his village that Mr. Morton can pitch a decent curve at baseball and manage rather frisky horses and is a fine bowler. With gun and rod he has always been and is quite expert. In fact, it is to the life he has led that Governor Morton owes his comparatively youthful look in this maturity of his years. It is a singular fact that the average life of the governor's direct lineal ancestors for five generations back has been 93, and one of his great-grandfathers died at 98.—Albany Press.

Jewish Idea of the Hereafter.

An address on the Jewish idea of the hereafter was delivered last evening by Rabbi S. Hirshberg in the Union Park temple. "Judaism does not believe in a local heaven or a local hell," said the rabbi. "Judaism conceives of God as infinitely just, infinitely loving and merciful. Our idea of justice repels the idea of a God who has made a heaven and a hell as taught by other religions. Judaism does not plume itself upon standing nearer to God than other religions, but believes that every true person shall see God, no matter what his race or religious belief."—

DECAY OF BOHEMIANISM.

Practically Dead, Though Some People Make a Fad of It.

Bohemianism is dead, and those who call themselves bohemians at the present day wear their rue with a difference. Sometimes they mistake the attendant circumstances for the cause and think themselves entitled to a reputation for ability merely because they refuse to go to bed at the same time as ordinary humanity. Such men of course have no right to call themselves after a distinguished and not unhonorable name. The mere habit of large suppers and late hours and loose ways of life generally has nothing which associates itself with that ready aptitude for all kinds of work and that disciplined though somewhat fitful activity which were the marks of the true bohemian.

There is no more significant proof of the change that has come over the artistic and literary world than the fact that every attempt to revive the old bohemianism in its former shape has invariably resulted in failure. The demand for the "good old" sanded floor and clay pipe of the past is limited to an undistinguished few, and the supply of these obsolete luxuries, when granted, meets with no general appreciation. In like manner eccentricities of conduct which were once regarded as virtues rather than vices are no longer tolerated, and the so called bohemian of these days is expected to pay and does pay his club subscription and his just debts. He is not so picturesque as he was, but he is much more punctual.

The cause of these changes is not far to seek. Nowadays the standard of life has risen in all the social spheres, and while the British workman demands his higher wages and more ample leisure the artist world clothes itself in purple and fine linen and requires to be surrounded with all the comforts and extravagances of palatial clubs. Only there is no eight hour limit for the contemporary inhabitant of this nondescript region, nor does he enroll himself into unions to extort terms from hard hearted proprietors and managers. Although his dinners and his suppers are much more costly than they used to be in the old days, he does not work less hard nor is his labor less worthy of ungrudging praise.

Meanwhile both actors and journalists have transformed the whole mise en scene of their lives. There is no more sackcloth nor locusts and wild honey for them. They are clad in the broadcloth of the ordinary world and have soared into a social sphere which their predecessors neither knew nor cared about. Possibly this may be the effect of that general equalization of conditions which accompanies the whole course of our modern democracy. We all dress alike, live alike, acknowledge the same social rules, adopt the same luxurious or extravagant tastes. The point to notice, however, is that the worth of the individual has not grown less, despite this democratic tendency. On the contrary, his value both to himself and to others has enormously increased. The modern dramatist makes, if he be not maligned, an extremely respectable fortune, and Mr. Gosse has informed us recently—and has, of course, suffered for his rashness—that the profits of certain of our more popular authors have gone up by leaps and bounds.—London Telegraph.

The Czar and His Critic.

A young poet had written a most scurrilous poem, in which he had described and libeled not only the empress, but also the grand dukes and duchesses. Some one, the censor of the press, went and told the empress. "The man had better be sent off to Siberia at once," he said. "It is not a case for delay." "Oh, no," said the empress, "wait a little, but tell the man I desire to see him at 6 o'clock tomorrow evening." When the poor man was told this, he felt as if the last hour had come, and that the emperor (Alexander II) must intend himself to pronounce eternal exile.

He went to the palace and was shown through all the grand staterooms, one after another, without seeing any one, till at last he arrived at a small, commonplace room at the end of them all, where there was a single table with a lamp upon it, and here he saw the empress, the emperor and all the grand dukes and duchesses whom he had mentioned in the poem. "How do you do, sir?" said the emperor. "I hear you have written a most beautiful poem, and I have sent for you that you may read it aloud to us yourself, and I have invited all the grand dukes and duchesses to come that they may have the pleasure of hearing you." Then the poor man prostrated himself at the emperor's feet. "Send me to Siberia, sire," he said, "force me to become a soldier, only do not compel me to read that poem." "Oh, sir, you are cruel to refuse me the pleasure, but you will not be so ungallant as to refuse the empress the pleasure of hearing your verses, and she will ask you herself." And the empress asked him. When he had finished, she said: "I do not think he will write any more verses about us again. He need not go to Siberia just yet."—Young Ladies' Journal.

St. Nicholas of Myra.

All that is known with any certainty of Nicholas is the bare fact that he lived in Asia Minor, somewhere about the beginning of the fourth century. He was bishop of Myra, a Lycian seacoast town, venerable, of course, for his piety and benevolence, and he was revered in the east at least as early as the sixth century. In the Greek church he takes rank immediately after the five great fathers, and under the name of St. Nicholas of Myra he is esteemed as patron saint of by far the largest body of orthodox Greeks—the Russian empire. Czar Nicholas indeed is but one out of his many namesakes.

As early as the year 560 Justinian dedicated a church in Constantinople to the renowned bishop. In the west, where, for a reason, he is more commonly known as St. Nicholas of Bari, he was acclimatized for good in the eleventh century. His vogue in the north began with the twelfth, but extended so rapidly that by the reformation he probably possessed in England alone more churches and chapels dedicated in his honor than any other holy personage.—Cornhill Magazine.

Proper Temperature For Claret.

One word as to the supreme necessity of bringing wine to a proper temperature before drinking it. Claret fresh from a cool cellar is chilly stuff, and gentle warmth is required to develop the bouquet. On the other hand, only the coarsest kinds will stand being suddenly heated, and to place a delicate wine before a hot fire is destructive of its refinement.

The practice which is usually adopted in France is to bring the bottle up some two or three days beforehand and to keep it for that period at a temperature of between 60 degrees and 70 degrees. To this precaution must be added that of excluding all sediment in decanting, even at the sacrifice of what may sometimes seem an extravagant proportion of the wine.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Mrs. Stowe and Little Eva.

We hope it is a sweet and comforting consolation to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe as she passes the eighty-fourth milestone in her long and eventful journey to note no sign of diminishment in the mortuary record of Little Eva. Last year she died 687 times, and her demise was witnessed by 348,563 grief stricken children in the United States.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Yale Crew to Go to England.

The Hartford Post announces that Robert J. Cook—better known as Captain Bob Cook—Yale's most celebrated boating expert, has consented to take charge of an eight to represent the university against Oxford and Cambridge in England next year if the alumni of the New Haven university approve of the plan.

This Year's Locusts.

This is locust year for the states of Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Ohio and Georgia. The latter state will have the 13 year brood, last seen in 1882, and the other states will have the 17 year brood, which appeared in 1878. This insect is not properly a locust at all, but a cicada.—New York Tribune.

Wanamaker's.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, June 24, 1895.

Cotton Dress Stuffs

This is a cotton-loving year. Never did such beauty lurk in the folds of stuff from Dixie's staple; never was there such a demand for cotton dress stuffs. But makers' season end and importers have need of cleared shelves for new operations. These necessities bring the few real cotton reductions of the year. These, for example—

25c Corded Gingham at 12½c.
Last 500 pieces of this charming stuff at half price; 100 styles; 32 in.
50c Scotch Linen at 25c.
All-linen and silk-and-linen; stripes and checks.
35c Organdies at 25c.
Sheerest of cottons, tinted grounds, with printings as dainty as though from artists' brush.
50c Printed Plumetis at 35c.
Best French make.

Little-cost corner in Cottons:

Lawns, 4c.
Dress Cheviot, 5c.
Dress Ginghams, 6c.
Wide Lawns, 6¼c.
Cotton Covert, 7c.
Fine Dress Gingham, 8c.
Printed Ducks, 8c.
Woven Duck Suitings, 12½c.
Dimities, 8, 10 and 12½c.
Scotch Ginghams' 15c.

Handkerchiefs

It is an event when pure linen goods are sold less than the same things of cotton.

Women's.

300 dozen plain white hemstitched Handkerchiefs; regular size, good quality, $1 a dozen.
500 dozen all-white hemstitched Handkerchiefs, neat hand-embroidered initial, full list of letters, 12½c each.
300 dozen entirely new scalloped and embroidered Handkerchiefs, beautiful and dainty, that we usually sell for 25c, shall go for 18c.
250 dozen new scalloped and embroidered Handkerchiefs in many choice styles that have never been sold for less than 35c are now 25c.

Men's.

Good quality two widths hemstitching, 10c each, or $1.20 a dozen.
Unlaundered, three widths hemstitching, 12½c each, or $1.50 a dozen.
Very choice, three widths hemstitching, 25c each, or $3 a dozen. Usual regular price is $4.20 a dozen.
Japanese Silk, with colored borders, hemstitched; very dainty styles, 25c each.
Japanese Silk, all white, hemstitched; very fine, 38c each. Regular 50c quality.

Southwest of centre.

Men's Clothing

Amid all the stir and fuss that has been made this season over black and blue Serge Suits our own grand stock has held on bravely, serenely, piling up great sales. The prices per suit are from $7.50 to $23. The highest priced is genuine Clay, the cheapest is our own Serge and has proved its cheapness and its excellence to thousands of satisfied buyers.

Better testimony than that there cannot be.

Imported Homespun Suits—unique, stylish. Our price is $15; less by $3 to $5 than you'll pay elsewhere.

The Trousers at $2.50 and $3.50 are a collection from our own fresh stock. Reduced from $4, $5 and $6.50. Not many of a pattern. Fragments are bargains. The best garments supply the first fragments. About 300 pairs.

Market Street.

Bicycles

This store is a battlefield. It has but little glamour or glory and no gore. But the battles go on.

The battles of the books and of the sewing machines illustrate the war we wage for the principle that all things shall be sold strictly as merchandise—that you purchase only concrete things and do not pay for a costly lot of sham system in addition.

So with Bicycles. We keep a stock of first class wheels, equal to any other best, but the prices are unequal, because far cheaper.

The issue is plain. You only pay for the Bicycle here. If you want to play store go elsewhere and pay more.

Continental Bicycles — our own trade mark.

For Men.

Model 27, Hardford tires, $57.50.
Model 29, Hardford tires, $75.
Model 30 (22 lbs.), Hardford tire, $80.
G. & J. tires, $5 extra.

For Women.

Model 25, "N. Y." tires, $60.
Model 28, "N. Y." tires, $75.
Model 31 (22 lbs.), "N. Y." tires, $80
G. & J. tires, $5 extra.

Basement, Market Street.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Wanted We want several honest, reliable men in this vicinity, to act as SALESMEN for our CHOICE NURSERY STOCK.
We will pay a salary or commission and furnish an outfit free. Write at once for terms and information to
THE GUARANTEE NURSERY CO., GENEVA, N. Y.

A Chance to Earn Money!
Salary and Expenses paid, or Commission if preferred. Salesmen wanted everywhere No experience needed. Address, stating age
H. W. FOSTER & CO., Box D, Geneva, N.Y

Miscellaneous

Notice.
NO ONE IS AUTHORIZED TO CONTRACT any debts for my account after this day.
May 30, 1895. LEWIS JONES.

Teachers' Examination.
EXAMINATION FOR TEACHERS' CERTIFICATES for Bristol Borough School District will be held in the High School Building, Saturday, June 15th, beginning at 9 o'clock.
MATILDA S. BOOZ, Supt. of Schools.

Borough Tax Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the Treasurer of the Borough will be at the Town Hall

Wednesday and Thursday, June 26th and 27th,

From 9 a. m until 6 p m., to receive the Borough Tax.

An abatement of FIVE PER CENT will be allowed for prompt payment.

JAMES WRIGHT, Borough Treasurer.

Lincoln Park

PHILADELPHIA'S GREAT FAMILY RESORT.

On the Delaware River, 12 miles below Phila.

Fast Steamers. Amusements of every description. Three grand concerts daily. Fairy-land illumination Monday, Thursday and Saturday nights. Baseball, Picnic and Athletic grounds.

Steamers hourly from Race and Christian Street.

Round trip fare from Philadelphia, 25 cents. Children under 12 yrs, 10c. Round trip fare from Bristol, 50c.

$350,000

The Holmesburg, Tacony and Frankford Electric Railway Company,
PHILADELPHIA.

FIRST MORTGAGE 5 PER CENT. COUPON 30 YEAR

Gold Bonds

In denominations of $1000 and $500. Principal may be registered.
FREE OF ALL TAX.
Interest Payable May 1st and November 1st, in Philadelphia.

TRUSTEE:
The West Philadelphia Title and Trust Co.

THE ABOVE BONDS are secured by a FIRST MORTGAGE upon the entire property of The Holmesburg, Tacony and Frankford Electric Company, covering all the real estate, tracks, franchises and property of every kind and description now belonging to, or which may hereafter be constructed or acquired by The Holmesburg, Tacony and Frankford Electric Railway Company.

Conservative estimates, based upon results attained on similar lines, indicate that the net earnings of the Company should be in excess of $50,000. The amount required to meet interest payment is $17,500.

Early application will be made to list the bonds upon the Philadelphia Stock Exchange Pending the engraving of the bonds interim receipts will be issued, exchangeable for said bonds.

The Charter of the Company, the Ordinances of the City of Philadelphia and the form of mortgage have been examined and approved by George Wharton Pepper, Esq., Ormond Rambo, Esq., and Messrs. Morgan & Lewis, Philadelphia. The opinion of these gentleman may be seen at any time.

We offer these bonds at 95 and accrued interest, subject to sale or further advance in price without notice, and recommend them as a safe and desirable investment. Over twenty-five per cent of the total issue has been taken in advance of advertisement and printing of prospectus. Copies of the Mortgage, Ordinances, Prospectus, Maps and Engineers' Report, will be furnished on application at our office.

FRANK F. BELL & CO.
BANKERS,
1414 South Penn Square,
(Opposite City Hall),
PHILADELPHIA.

DO YOUR SHOES FIT?

There's more in it than you think of at first. A little nagging pain and pretty soon your nerves are on edge—then you're cross. Shoes that fit wear better than those that don't fit. They feel better, look better and cost no more. It costs no more to make a shoe right than wrong. A little care needed—that's all.

At the New Shoe Store on Dorrance Street, recently opened by GEORGE W. BOOTH, the right kind of Shoes, warranted to fit, can be found at reasonable prices, repairing promptly done.

All shoes that I sell I warrant, and if they rip they will be sewed without cost to the buyer Misses and Children's Russet Shoes a specialty.

GEORGE W. BOOTH,
321 DORRANCE ST.,
Bristol, Pa.

THE HARDWARE DEALER.
A MAGAZINE brim full of practical ideas from hardware men. The cream of 1000 brains. 116 pages. Only $1 a year. Sample copy free. D. T. MALLET, Pub., 78 Reade St., New York.

Charles B. Keen & Co.
STOCK BROKERS,
36 S. Third St., PHILADELPHIA
Established in 1852. Stocks and Bonds, bought, sold and carried on margin.
Refer by permission to
J. H. Michener, Pres. Band of North America
C. H. Banes, Pres. Market St. National Bank
H.M. Dechert, Pres. Commonwealth Trust Co.

WANTED—A FEW MORE BOOK AGENTS in this and adjoining Counties for
Our Journey Around the World.
A brand new book by Rev. Francis E. Clark, Pres't of the United Soc. of Christian Endeavor. The best chance to make money ever offered to all who want profitable work. A good Agent in this vicinity can earn $100 a month. Distance no hindrance, for we Pay Freight, Give Credit, Premium Copies, Free Outfit, and Exclusive Territory. For particulars, write to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO, Hartford, Conn

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of THOMAS B. DOUGLASS, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks county, Pa.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them in proper order for settlement, without delay, to
SERRILL DOUGLASS,
Or, MERSHON BROS., Administrator.
Attorneys, 1416 Chestnut St., Phila.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of ALBERT BAKER, late of Bristol borough, Bucks County, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate settlement, and all persons having legal claims against the said estate are requested to present the same in proper form, without delay, for settlement, to
M. KATE BAKER,
Or GILKESON & WRIGHT, Administratrix.
Attorneys.

Miscellaneous

An Ordinance

Making appropriations for the use of the Borough of Bristol for the year ending the 29th day of February, A. D, 1896.

The Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol do ordain:

SECTION 1. That the sum of sixteen thousand seven hundred and eighty-five (16,785) dollars be and the same is hereby appropriated for the use of the various departments of the Borough of Bristol for the year ending the 29th day of February, A. D., 1896, as follows:

For covered gutters and crossings, materials for repairing streets, salary of Street Commissioner, labor and incidental expenses of Committee on Streets and Highways, and for stone pavement as much as can be laid for the money, three thousand eight hundred (3,800) dollars.

For salaries of regular and special police, three thousand three hundred (3,300) dollars.

For contingent expenses of Police Committee, three hundred and fifty (350) dollars.

For appropriations to Fire Companies, three thousand one hundred and fifty (3,150) dollars, as follows:

Bristol Fire Company, No. 1, four hundred and fifty (450) dollars.
America Hose, Hook and Ladder Co., No. 2, three hundred (300) dollars.
Second Ward Company, fifty (50) dollars.
Third Ward Company, fifty (50) dollars.
Fourth Ward Company, fifty (50) dollars.
Building Association dues No. 1 Company, one hundred and twenty (120) dollars.
Contract for Gamewell fire alarm system, one thousand two hundred and seventy (1,270) dollars.
Fire alarm box on Otter and Linden streets, one hundred and fifty (150) dollars.
Salary for Chief of Fire Department, eighty (80) dollars.
Salary for Assistant Chief, forty (40) dollars.
For contingent expenses for Fire Committee, five hundred and ninety (590) dollars.

For lighting streets, three thousand (3,000) dollars.

For collecting garbage, six hundred (600) dollars.

For medical attendance and burial of poor and for temporary relief of same, three hundred (300) dollars. PROVIDED, That no portion of said sum shall be used in relieving persons who should be properly removed to the County Almshouse.

For maintenance of the Board of Health, five hundred (600) dollars, viz:

Salaries of Secretary and Health Officer, two hundred and forty (240) dollars
Extra police service, fifty (50) dollars.
Vaccination, fifty (50) dollars.
Printing and advertising, fifty (50) dollars.
Abating and removing nuisances, one hundred and ten (110) dollars.

PROVIDED, That the said sums, or such part thereof as shall be needed, shall be paid out on orders drawn by the proper officers of the Board of Health, which orders shall state distinctly the items for which they are drawn.

For interest and state tax on Borough loan, four hundred and ten (410) dollars.

For salaries, three hundred (300) dollars viz.

Town Clerk, two hundred (200) dollars.
Borough Attorney, fifty (50) dollars.
Borough Treasurer, twenty-five (25) dollars
Keeper of Town Clock, twenty-five (25) dollars.

For printing and advertising, five hundred (500) dollars.

For care of public property, one hundred and fifty (150) dollars.

For interest on loan from bank, twenty-five (25) dollars.

For incidentals, one hundred (100) dollars.

For contingent fund, three hundred (300) dollars.

Enacted into an Ordinance at the Council Chamber of the Borough of Bristol, this 13th day of May, A. D., 1895.

BYRAM C. FOSTER, President of Council.
Attest—J. WESLEY WRIGHT, Clerk.
Approved this 14th day of May, A. D., 1895.
RAYMOND F. BUSEMAN, Burgess of the Borough of Bristol.

An Ordinance

To repeal an Ordinance entitled "An Ordinance prescribing the terms and conditions upon which the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol consent to the construction, maintenance and operation of Street Passenger Railways operated by electrical power upon certain streets in said Borough, which said streets are by ordinance to be hereafter named, set forth and described, and imposing regulations, conditions and restrictions in respect to Street Passenger Railway Companies using electrical power in the operation and maintenance of their railways; in respect to the erection and maintenance of poles and the stringing of wires thereon by such Companies, and imposing conditions, regulations and restrictions upon such Street Passenger Railway Companies in respect to the maintenance of their tracks and road bed."

The Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol do ordain:

That an Ordinance entitled "An Ordinance prescribing the terms and conditions upon which the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol consent to the construction, maintenance and operation of Street Passenger Railways operated by electrical power upon certain streets in said Borough, which said streets are by ordinance to be hereafter named, set forth and described, and imposing regulations, conditions and restrictions in respect to Street Passenger Railway Companies using electrical power in the operation and maintenance of their Railways; in respect to the erection and maintenance of poles and the stringing of wires thereon by such Companies, and imposing conditions, regulations and restrictions upon such Street Passenger Railway Companies in respect to the maintenance of their tracks and road bed," and which said Ordinance was duly enacted upon the first day of May A. D. 1893, be and the same is hereby repealed.

Enacted into an Ordinance at the Council Chamber of the Borough of Bristol this 13th day of May A. D. 1895.

BYRAM C. FOSTER, President of Council.
Attest—J. WESLEY WRIGHT, Clerk.
Approved this 14th day of May A. D. 1895.
RAYMOND F. BUSEMAN, Burgess of the Borough of Bristol.

Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co
BRISTOL, PA., May 7, 1895.
THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS have this day declared a dividend of EIGHT PER CENT, payable on demand, clear of all taxes.
CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of NATHAN TYLER, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, Pa.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same will present them without delay, in proper order for settlement, to
GEORGE F. TYLER,
WILLIAM C. TYLER,
Or their Attorney, Executors.
JOHN C. STUCKERT. 6-13

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of EMILY M L. HELLINGS, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, Pa.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same will present them without delay, in proper order for settlement, to
JESSE HELLINGS,
Or his Attorney, Executor,
JOHN C. STUCKERT. Dover, Del.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of CATHARINE McGILL, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, Pa.

LETTERS testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same, without delay, to
REV. CHAS. J. VANDEGRIFT,
Or, GILKESON & WRIGHT, Executor.
Attorneys.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of MARY ANN ADAMS, deceased. late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, Pa.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same will present them without delay, in proper order for settlement, to
JOHN C. STUCKERT,
Administrator.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of MARY STRONG, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks Co., Pa.

LETTERS testamentary on above Estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same, without delay, to
REV. C. J. VANDEGRIFT,
Or, A. WERT GILKESON, Executor.
his Attorney.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of WILLIAM E. JEFFRIES, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same will present them without delay, in proper order for settlement, to
PHŒBE JEFFRIES,
GILKESON & WRIGHT, Executrix.
Attorneys.

GERMEA For Breakfast prepared from California White Wheat. Delicious, Economical. Grocers sell it. The John T. Cutting Co., 153 Duane St. N.Y.

Miscellaneous

COAL

Highest Grades of
FAMILY FLOUR
FEED, ETC.
—Wood, Lime and Brick,—
Grass Seeds.

PIONEER COAL YARD,
(Established 1837.)
Walter F. Leedom,
529 to 535 Bath St.,
BRISTOL, PA

MINSTER & BAKER,
(Successors to Stroble & Son.)
DEALERS IN
UPPER LEHIGH, LATIMER and HAZLETON
COAL
WOOD, FLOUR, FEED, ETC.
Office: Bath & Otter Sts.
Orders received at E.W. Minster's Livery Office, Pond Street, near P. R. R. Depot.

W. E. Doron,
Corner of Radcliffe and Market Streets,
BRISTOL, PA

Best Lehigh
COAL
In the Market.

Lumber
By car load, at Wholesale Prices.

The Tariff On Watches

Remains the same. Watches are neither higher nor lower on account of the tariff, but we have recently purchased, for cash, a large stock of Ladies' and Gent's Gold, Silver and Gold-Filled Cases, more than we wish to carry in stock, at very much below the market price, which we offer at greatly reduced prices. They are fitted up with Waltham, Elgin and Rockford movement.

We also have a good stock of Gorham Sterling Silver and Rogers' Silver-Plated Ware.

A. E. BAYLIES,
307 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.

Decoration Day

Is almost here. My stock of White Roses, Geraniums and other suitable flowers for decoration is in the pink of perfection and inexhaustable. This week every purchaser of 25 cents worth of plants will receive an extra blooming plant. A dollar's purchase will entitle you to 25 cents worth of extra plants. Orders for boquets and cut flowers received now. I have enough to supply every demand.

J. T. DeWITT,
POND STREET,
Between Penn and Walnut.

Burton's Express.

Jobs of Hauling
of every description, and at prices to suit the times.
Furniture handled with care.

Orders left at the Telephone Office or GAZETTE Office will be attended to promptly.

FREDERICK KING,
DEALER IN
-HEADLIGHT AND OTHER OILS,-
LAMPS AND FIXTURES.
CONFECTIONERY
Corner Pond and Dorrance Sts.,
BRISTOL, PA.

Dr. C. H. DILTS,
—DENTIST,—
Has removed to—
221 E. State St., TRENTON, N. J.
Will be at his former office
326 Mill St., BRISTOL, PA.,
Every MONDAY and SATURDAY

The Humane Driving Bit.
TREAT THE FAMILY PET TO ONE.
Robt. Bonner says that if you try it you will use no other bit, for all kinds of horses. It will control the most vicious horse without punishment.
Extra fine sample, solid nickel jointed or stiff mouth. Tested and Warranted sent for $1.
HUMANE BIT CO., Dept. F., NEWARK, N.J.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED. My Tubular Cushions help when all else fails, as glasses help eyes. Whispers heard. No pain. Invisible. F. Hiscox, 853 B'way New York, sole depot. Send for book and proofs FREE.

Miscellaneous

Cholerine Mixture

is an old and valuable Medicine for Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Dysentery and other troubles of the intestines.

Every family should have it in case of sudden att

DAN'S COURTSHIP.

The apple crop had failed the fall before, and therefore money was short at Orchard Farm. This was the more uncomfortable because of the recent purchase of old Silas Morrowbrook's west pasture, which adjoined Abner's wood lot, and which he had long coveted. Most of the price he had been able to pay cash down. The rest remained on mortgage until the apples should be sold. The sudden and severe frost interfered with this arrangement, ruined the fruit and left a social anomaly in Windley annals, a Keene in debt. Of course, as Silas said, they were "good" for the money many times over. Orchard Farm was one of the prettiest bits of property in the country. But the obligation weighed on their sensitive honor and finally stung Mrs. Miranda Keene into heroic action.

There were only three of them—father, mother and son. The last, Danforth, was a bright, sturdy lad with a handsome head, topped with yellow curls, and eyes as blue as his grandmother's best tea set. He could lift his gentle little mother to the ceiling without taxing his mighty muscles. He had even attempted to lift the old gray horse, much to that good animal's dismay. Life had been a joyous, boisterous affair for Dan. Books bothered him little. He looked them over, grasped what ideas were in them without effort and then turned a double somersault.

The farmhouse stood near the gate behind a group of pine trees. Miranda kept it as fresh and neat as one of her geranium blossoms. There was a big bow window full of plants in the sitting room and a piano standing near. Up stairs the beds were massive and snowy, and the carved posts shone with the polish of generations. Next to Danforth, her house was Miranda's idol. She was a slight, delicate little woman, with a face that, like a faded rose leaf, never lost its suggestion of girlish bloom. Intellectually she was far ahead of her husband, whom she usually regarded as an older boy than Dan, but even more in need of care and guidance.

She announced her plan to raise the mortgage one spring morning at the breakfast table. "We could advertise for some city people for the summer. We have boarded the teachers before, and there's plenty of room in the house. I can get Marietta Hodges to help with the cooking. I dare say we could make $300 out of it."

Abner objected. He didn't want his wife working to support him, and it was a nuisance to have strangers bothering around. Dan, on the contrary, thought the plan promised amusement, and he and his mother carried the day, as usual.

They advertised in a metropolitan paper and received several answers. One was from a young lady who desired rest and quiet. She was not well and had been overworked. Miranda liked the note. "Schoolteacher, of course," she thought and prepared her favorite room for the weary one. Miranda had a special weakness for schoolteachers. She would have been one herself if she hadn't married. She thought it the only ladylike employment for a woman. "Mirabel Heathcote" was the signature of the note, and it seemed very musical to Miranda. There were also a clergyman's family coming and two widows. Miranda's venture promised well financially.

Miss Heathcote was very much as Miranda had fancied her—slight and graceful, with large dark eyes and hair that shone in satiny bands above her broad, fair brow. She kept a great deal to herself at first. Miranda was too busy to talk with her, and she did not fraternize with the minister's family or the widows. Dan saw her swinging in her hammock as he drove past on his errands into town. One day he called out to her to come with him. She accepted listlessly, but looked in dismay at the high wagon into which she must climb. In a trice Dan lifted her over the wheel as if she were thistle down.

"Oh, my!" she exclaimed, turning about to look at him. "That's about as good as Sandow can do!"

"Oh, that's nothin!" declared Dan, whose weak point was, paradoxically, his strength. "Why, I can lift our old horse."

"Did you ever see Sandow?" asked Mirabel.

"No; who is he?"

"Why, he's the strongest man in the world, you know. He travels around and shows what he can do in the theaters."

"I ain't never been in a theayter," answered Dan soberly. "Mother never liked the idea of 'em. I'd like to see the man, though, that can lift more than I can. There won't a boy at school that could begin with me"—

Mirabel interrupted him. "Why doesn't your mother like the theaters?"

Dan tossed back his curly head and blushed. "Why, she thinks they're bad, and the actin folks are a hard lot," he explained awkwardly.

"Well, it wouldn't hurt you just to look at them," remarked Mirabel, frowning somewhat. Dan thought how very pretty she was.

"I don't know much about it myself," he answered, "but it does seem kinder bold, the things they say they do. I'd rather have the fresh air and a good horse on a hard road than the whole pack of 'em. Say, don't you want some of that pink ivy to carry home with you? Don't say anything about the theayter to mother, 'cause she's dead set against it. I don't know of anything she hates worse, 'less it's moth millers."

Mirabel received the flowers silently. The color had deepened in her cheeks in the cool morning breeze. Dan noticed it. "You're chirpin up already," he said. "I s'pose schoolteachin's wearin work. I know I'd hammer all the kids into mush if they bothered me the way we used to work it on Miss Perkins. You never knew Miss Perkins, did you? I s'pose you might, bein in the same business."

"No," answered Mirabel, "I never saw her."

"Well, she didn't look much like you. She came from Four Corners, and she wore spectacles, and when she got mad her frizzes would slip around over her ear. Do you whale your boys much?"

Mirabel laughed. "No, I guess not," she answered. "But I don't see yet why you feel so toward the theater. I'm sure it would be a great deal easier to get your living by dancing and singing a little every night than it would by grubbing all day in a nasty old school."

"I dunno!" Dan shook his head disapprovingly. "A woman might just as well cut her head off among our folks as to think of such a thing. Once there was a girl called Florinda Bridges, and she wanted to go actin, and her father near broke his heart about it. It was such a disgrace to the family that they all finally broke up and moved away. I shouldn't want any of 'em related to me."

That ended the matter for the remainder of Mirabel's stay. She went driving daily with Dan, and they grew very friendly. Miranda observed it, but had no objection except the natural shrinking of a mother from giving up her boy. "I always wanted a schoolteacher in the family," she thought. "She'll do more for Dan than I could. He's a little rough yet. And, oh, if some day I should have a grandson, and he should grow up to be a minister!"

Every Sunday the Keenes and their boarders drove solemnly into town to the Presbyterian church. Mirabel pleaded a tendency to headache as a reason for staying at home. She liked the silence and loneliness when all were gone. One Sunday morning a slight accident occurred on the way into town, and Dan, leaving the others, brought back the horses and carry-all for repairs. He whistled for Mirabel as he neared the house, but could not see her. So, disappointed, he drove on to the barn. It was closely shut in proper Sabbath order, but as Dan started to push aside the heavy doors an unusual sound surprised him. It was a woman's voice, singing a gay, rhythmic tune, and, accompanying it, a clashing as of little silver bells.

Dan thought he recognized the voice. He left the doors and made his way quietly by some side stairs to the loft. Forgetful of his Sunday clothes, he threw himself upon the hay and looked down. In the center of the floor stood Mirabel, dressed in fantastic fashion, with a short red skirt, a little black jacket, fringed with coins, a little spangled cap, and in her hand a round thing, gay with streamers and bells. Her neck and arms were bare and beautiful. She was singing now in a low, monotonous tone, swaying softly to and fro. Then the melody grew gayer. The nimble feet could hardly follow the rapid notes. Faster and faster went song and step. At last, with a final crash of the bells, the singer stopped, and sweeping a low bow to the corncrib sank down on a heap of hay.

Dan, entranced, did not move. Some calico garments were lying near her. She picked these up, and after a few moments of energetic fanning put them on over her other costume. She took off her cap and let down her dark hair in a wild, wavy cloud about her pretty head. The gilded slippers were kicked off and replaced by coarse black ones. "Ya hah!" rang out a nearly negro laugh, and with a bound the transformed Topsy began a hoedown which outdid the performance of any plantation belle. Patter, patter, patter clicked her feet on the floor. Dan could hardly help laughing outright, and when she stopped suddenly, throw back her head and burst into her "Ya hah hah!" again he forgot all caution and joined in in hearty boyish glee.

At the first sound of his voice Mirabel stood still and silent. "Oh, it's only me," Dan called out to her, swinging himself down from the loft. "You needn't be scared. Gosh, how you can dance!" Without knowing exactly why, he took her hand. It was the first woman's hand he had ever held in that way. His cheeks reddened, and he was conscious of perfumed hair and a white arm near enough to kiss. Mirabel looked up at him, half laughing, half afraid.

"Whoa, there! whoa, I tell you! Where can the boy hev got to, leavin the horses standin here like this?" It was Father Keene's voice at the barn door, and in the distance screamed the minister's children, running down the yard.

"Good Lord!" whispered Dan, dropping Mirabel's hand, "it's the folks come home from church, and I clean forgot about 'em. How in thunder did they get here?"

Mirabel caught his sleeve. "Oh, what shall I do? They mustn't see me like this. They'd think I was crazy. You must hide me somewhere, quick!" Dan looked blankly at her, then around the barn. "There ain't any place but the hayloft," he said.

"Well, take me there," answered Mirabel, sweeping various garments into a hasty bundle. Dan caught her up in his arms and sprang for the ladder. Just as the barn door slid open they dropped behind the ridge of the hay.

Farmer Keene led in the horses, followed by the three children. "It's mighty queer," he was saying—"tarnation queer! Dan's always been such a steady, regular chap. I never knowed him to leave the horses alone before."

The children runmaged around the grain bins. Suddenly the youngest cried out: "Oh, see here! See here, quick!"

Mirabel peered cautiously over the hay. "Oh, Dan," she whispered, "I dropped my cap, and they have found it!"

Farmer Keene turned to the children in great excitement. "It's the gypsies, that's what it is," he exclaimed, holding up the cap on his finger. "Shameful critters with their gewgaws that they be! Let's go right in and show it to mother."

"My, but we're in a fix!" observed Dan to Mirabel as the others hurried off to the house. She propped her chin in her hand dubiously.

"You must go right in, that's clear, and then, while they're all at dinner, I'll slip around by the back way, and I'll say I've been down in the birch woods asleep when I come down stairs."

"But what am I goin to tell them?" asked Dan, who had never lied in his life.

"Why, you drove home awfully slow, and then"—

"But I didn't," objected Dan.

"Oh, you goosy! Say you did anyhow, and then say you saw some boys stealing melons down in the patch and left the house to see if you couldn't catch them. You go around back of the barn and come out toward the house, as if you'd come from the melons. You can say the boys gave you a dreadful chase. How's that for an explanation?"

"It's an awful lie," replied Dan frankly. "But there's the cap!"

"Neither of us knows anything about it," answered Mirabel quickly. "Now go." An hour later the young woman swept into the dining room, serene and dainty, with profuse apologies for her tardiness and great surprise at the wonderful news of the gypsies and the lost cap.

And now a new era opened for Dan. Wherever he went there floated before him the vision of a beautiful woman dancing and the sound of silver bells. It was a kind of trance, only relieved by Mirabel's actual presence in another guise. She discouraged all allusion to the barn scene. "It was an odd mood of mine, you know, and I felt as if I must express it. I knew how shocked you'd all be if you found me dancing on Sunday, and so meant to have it out with myself before you came home from church. Only you caught me."

Miranda was very much puzzled by the whole occurrence. She knew at once Dan was not telling the truth. He was too much of a novice in lying to do it well. That there had been some woman in the barn, and that Dan had seen her, she guessed directly. Moreover, she knew it was no ordinary gypsy. The cap was too fine a bit of millinery for such strolling tramps. She had intended to lock up the cap and examine it at her leisure, but on Sunday afternoon it disappeared as mysteriously as it had come. Miranda knew that Dan had taken it and at once divined that he was still in communication with the owner. She bore her maternal anxiety as well as she could for some time, but finally, driven desperate by Dan's absent-minded ways and changed expression, she decided to confide her worries to Miss Heathcote. She found Mirabel alone in her hammock one morning and told her her trouble. The boarder's hair was banded smoothly over the brow, and her face had the color of a Madonna.

"Of course you're young and inexperienced," said Miranda, finishing her confidence, "and you wouldn't notice things so much as a mother anyhow, but I know that boy's jest crazy about some woman, and I want to know who it is and how long it's been going on. He never kept a thing from me before. I thought perhaps you could find out about it for me when you're out driving sometimes. I know he thought a great deal of you, and sometimes a stranger can do more than own folks in such things."

"I'll try to help you," answered Mirabel, "but I've hardly seen him alone since the cap was found."

"That wasn't any gypsy woman," continued Miranda. "You didn't see any one, of course, 'cause you were asleep down in the birches. I tell you who I think it was. There's a boarding house over by the ponds where they take in low theatrical folks sometimes, and I think it was some of them wandering over this way. They've often asked to come here, but I wouldn't have one of 'em in my house any more'n I'd have a nest of adders."

Mirabel looked frankly into Mrs. Keene's face. "I believe you are right," she said. "It must have been some such person I saw nobody about the house, but they might readily have come while I was away. I'll do the best I can for you, for you've been good to me. Don't worry. The boy will get over it. They all do. As soon as he finds out what low theatrical folks are he won't care any more for them. He's been too well brought up."

"Oh, yes," answered Miranda hopefully. "I know that Dan has the instinct of a true gentleman if he is my son, and he'd soon see their real nature through their outside finery."

The next day the household was startled by Miss Heathcote's sudden call to the bedside of a sick relative in Boston. Dan brought her the letter in the morning mail. She read it through quietly and then went at once to Miranda.

"We'll all miss you dreadfully, and I don't know what Dan'll do," said Dan's mother. "I relied on you to help him bear his trial about that actress woman, and I sorter hoped it would come out right again for you two in the end, but of course sickness is sickness, and you must go. You'll come back and see us as soon's you can, won't you?"

The minister went down to Boston on the same train with Mirabel, and so Dan had no chance to speak with her alone. He fancied she avoided him, but her manner was as gentle as ever, and he could not be sure. She promised to write as soon as she reached the city, but no word came. Dan stood it for a week and then determined to follow her, to find out what was the matter. Miranda encouraged him, glad to see another interest supplanting his infatuation with the "gypsy woman."

He found the address Mirabel had given them a mistake. There was no such number on the street. That night, tired and disheartened, he wandered into a summer opera hall, but his environment proved no diversion. The noise and glare, the silly people and their folly, all disgusted him. He thought of his mother, of Mirabel, with her white gowns and lovely hair. Call that dancing! Ah, they should see her dance in the old barn!

He was sitting, lost in the memory of her, recalling every tone and movement, the waving of white arms and the tinkle of the silver bells. A burst of enthusiastic clapping startled him. With a cry he jumped from his chair. There before him on the stage she stood, the little cap with its dangling coins, the gilded slippers, the odd, fantastic dress—his dearest dream come too fatally true.

The usher touched Dan on the arm. "Sit down and be quiet, please," he said, "or you'll have to get out." Dan heard only the last words. He grasped his hat, and without a glance rushed down the aisle and out into the night.—Boston Traveller.

Crack Nut Sunday.

Until a recent period the congregation at the Kingston-on-Thames parish church used to crack nuts during the performance of divine service on the Sunday next before the eve of St. Michael's day. The custom was thought to have had some original connection with the choosing of the bailiffs and other members of the corporate body on Michaelmas day, and with the usual civic feast attending that proceeding. The day was known as Crack Nut Sunday, and the custom was not restricted to the junior branches of the congregation, but was practiced alike by young and old. In fact, the cracking noise was often so powerful that the minister was obliged to suspend his reading or discourse until greater quietness was obtained.

The odd custom, however, was not peculiar to Kingston, for Goldsmith makes his vicar of Wakefield say of his parishioners, "They kept up the Christmas carol, sent true love knots on Valentine morning, ate pancakes at Shrovetide, showed their wit on the 1st of April and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas eve."—London Globe.

A HOME INCIDENT.

Showing How Critical Children Sometimes Become as They Grow Older.

"I used to have some credit in my own household," said Mr. Jorgleton, "as a judge of character by minor indications, by handwriting and that sort of thing. The children would bring to me letters from friends and acquaintances and show me the superscription on the envelope and say, 'Papa, what sort of a person should you think this was?' and then I would take the envelope and look at it carefully and presently begin, 'Well, the writer of this is a person of'— and then I would go ahead and describe his or her characteristics, and I am bound to say that I generally got it pretty near right, as the children acknowledged willingly and with wondering admiration.

"Well, I hadn't heard of anything of that for some time—for two or three years. Then one day my eldest daughter, now grown to be quite a tall young lady, brought me an envelope to decipher. Honored by this visit after that lapse of time, I gave an elaborate and careful diagnosis.

"'What do you think of this one?' she said, handing me another, and I described that, too, and also a third which she handed me, and when I had finished and had returned that last one to her, instead of thanking me with the wondering admiration of former years, she began to shout for her brother, a youth grown lofty with the lapse of time, and when he had come they laughed and laughed and laughed.

"'Whence these laughter?' I said, endeavoring to be funny, though I really didn't see any fun in it, and she finally managed to tell me that the three superscriptions whose features I had so carefully described as indicating three persons of widely varying characteristics were really written all by one person. Ha, ha, ha! And then they laughed again with great delight.

"I tried to explain that a young person's handwriting, the not wholly formed and settled handwriting, might easily, on one day and another, really reveal all the characteristics I had described, but they only laughed at this. It was enough for them that I had described as the work of three persons the handwriting of one, but why they should so rejoice over this slight incident I cannot imagine, unless they have come to think, as children sometimes do, that they are smarter than their parents."—New York Sun.

"Soft" Drinks Abroad.

There is nothing like the abundance of "soft drinks" to be had in Europe that one can get in any American town or village. In England there are the peppery ginger ale, bottled lemonade and various mineral waters, while on the continent there is the everlasting sherbet. In Italy and other southern countries one can get perhaps half a dozen different fruit sirups, which are served in small quantities in large glasses, the waiter filling up the glass from the water bottle. The country folk of the north make various sorts of light beers from roots and herbs, but these cannot be had at public places in cities, as birch beer, root beer, sarsaparilla, and the like can be got in the United States. Of course the universal use of beer and wine accounts to a great extent for the lack of variety in "soft" drinks. A more comprehensive reason perhaps is that no other people on earth so persistently drench themselves with drinks, in all seasons and at all hours, as do Americans. Anything like the scene at a big soda fountain in any American town on a summer's day is not to be found in any other country.—New York Sun.

Farragut on the Minto.

H. L. Slade, an employee of the Taunton Locomotive works of Taunton, Mass., who was on the gunboat Minto during the naval engagement in Mobile bay, denies that Admiral Farragut was lashed to the mast. "While the Hartford was working under steam," he says, "with many of her light spars on deck, the old iron of the enemy was always directed not only toward disabling the boilers, but cutting the spars in pieces. Had Admiral Farragut been lashed to the mast he would have been unnecessarily exposing himself. As a matter of fact, the admiral stood perfectly free on a large grating, which had been taken from near the wheel and which was lashed in the starboard 'mizzen' rigging, about three feet above the hammock nettings. At one time a portion of the lashings was cut away, and the admiral was precipitated to the deck, saving himself, however, from injury by grasping some of the running rigging as he went down. The lashings were once again put on the grating, and the admiral resumed his old position."—New York Tribune.

Ale was the sole title of malt liquor until the reign of Henry VIII, up to which time the employment of hops as an ingredient in the beverage was unknown in England.

BEREFT OF THEIR QUEEN.

A Colony of Ants Perturbed For a Time. The Guard Under Arrest.

An observer of nature sitting on one of the seats in Central park one spring day was wondering why across the rubbly asphalt path there was such a migration of those big black headed ants which are to be found here and there about the park—little predatory fellows which seize the moth or butterfly that, just emerging from its larval winter home, wants to climb up some kindly twig, grow its wings and then fly whither it listeth.

The cause of all the parade was soon apparent. There was to be a new colony formed, and a great brown ant, a queen, five times as big as any of her subjects, was being drawn across the path by a guard of honor. A new home was to be established to relieve the overpopulated nest that had been the ants' domicile all through the winter.

The observer, without in any way injuring the queen, captured her, and then there was the most tremendous commotion among the ants. The queen was carefully housed in a small cone of paper, and then all attention was given to the ants, the workers. A nation which had lost its ruler could not have appeared more disturbed than were those little creatures. The news spread with incredible quickness that the queen of the new colony had been purloined—had vanished. Her guard of a score of soldiers, some three of whom at least bit the observer's fingers savagely, were all apparently placed under arrest, and the ground was soon black with ants. Those from the old homestead were aiding the new colony to find their missing queen and were scurrying around everywhere, touching antennæ, and when no definite news could be given rushing off again in search of the missing ruler.

After a short time the queen, so egg laden that she could not move, was placed on the path, and in a second afterward one of the scouts discovered her. The scout appeared ready to make an obeisance to her. He had an interview of a moment, and then scuttled off to find his comrades to tell the good news and to get a cohort of soldiers to take the good lady home. Soon there was a perfect regiment of ants around her, and she was carried to a small hole under the root of a privet, where no doubt the new home had been delved out in preparation for her arrival. A small tribute to this little glimpse into nature's life was paid by getting some lumps of sugar, softened with water. They were placed near the new colony. They were soon found, and the little fellows were busy until sundown in taking down the tiny crystals they chipped off the rocks—they were rocks to them—to fill their storehouse.—New York Tribune.

The Press Worker Fooled.

He had a diffident, apologetic air as he opened the door and ventured just inside the room.

"Is the society editor in?" he asked.

"Nop!" replied the exchange editor without looking up from his work.

"Gone for the day?" inquired the visitor hesitatingly.

"Nop! Back later," answered the exchange editor.

"Can I leave something?"

"Yop! Over there." And the exchange editor indicated the society editor's desk with his shears.

The stranger went over to the desk, fumbled in his pockets for a minute, deposited something very carefully on top of a pile of copy paper, and then smilingly backed himself out of the room.

The exchange editor glanced at the desk and instantly forgot about his work. He began to laugh. Then he went out and brought in other members of the staff, and each joined in the laughter as he looked at the desk. There lay an item for the society column, and on top of it a big, fat cigar wrapped in gold foil.

And the society editor is a woman.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Good Paying Stories.

"There's no money in literature," said the man who had become discouraged. "I know a man who is getting rich on his stories."

"A publisher?"

"No. He built a big apartment house. It has 13 stories, and every one brings him in at least $300 a month."—Washington Star.

At a Dizzy Height.

Hortense—Miss Tone suffers very much from dizziness in the head.

Mabel—Well, I should think she would!

Hortense—Why so?

Mabel—Because she always holds it so high.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Emma Pedrick
Philadelphia, Pa.

Simply Marvelous

Intense Suffering of a Young Girl Ended

White Swelling Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"Gentlemen—Urged by the feeling that some parent might have attention directed to Hood's Sarsaparilla through my statements, as mine was through that Mr. Jno. L. McMurray of Ravenswood, W. Va., I give the particulars of my daughter Emma's suffering and cure. In December, 1888, when four years old, she injured her right knee by a fall. The injury culminated in white swelling. The limb commenced to contract, and to enable her to get around I made her a

Pair of Crutches.

While using these she had a second fall, the knee grew worse and the limb contracted. The following August the doctors decided to bandage the leg. They pulled the knee-joint apart by main strength and put it in a plaster bandage.

"During the six months the use of the plaster-of-paris bandage was continued, it was renewed three or four times. The limb grew worse instead of better. All sorts of appliances and bandages were resorted to, but there was no improvement, the disease continued its inroads.

Five Abscesses

formed on the limb. We took her to a prominent hospital. The doctor said it would be necessary to open the leg and scrape the bone, and perhaps finally to

Amputate the Limb.

She had wasted away to a mere shadow and as I didn't believe she could survive the operation, I made up my mind she might as well die with two legs as one.

"Just at this time, I happened to read a testimonial from West Virginia describing a case so similar to my child's, and in which Hood's Sarsaparilla had effected a cure, and I immediately decided to give that medicine a trial. It took hold

From the First,

Before she had taken two bottles a core or piece of bone came out of one of the abscesses near the ankle. To come to the point, three bottles of Hood Sarsaparilla cured Emma completely. Readers of this can imagine my esteem for Hood's

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Sarsaparilla better than I can express it. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a family medicine with us. We warmly recommend it to everybody." WILLIAM H. PENNOCK, 1414 South Seventeenth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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come from healthy mothers. And mothers will certainly be healthy if they'll take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Nothing can equal it in building up a woman's strength, in regulating and assisting all her natural functions. It lessens the pains and burdens of child-bearing, supports and strengthens weak, nursing mothers, and promotes an abundant secretion of nourishment.

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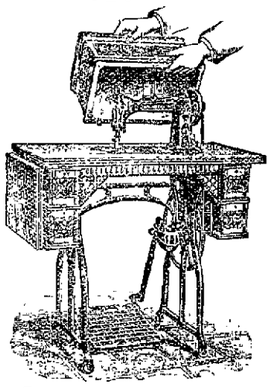

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PUBLIC SALE —OF— REAL ESTATE.

PURSUANT to an order of the Orphans' Court of the County of Bucks, will be sold on the premises, on

Saturday, July 6th, 1895,

the Real Estate of Michael Strong, deceased, situate No. 204, on the southwest side of Penn street, Bristol, Pa., adjoining lands of John J. Tyrell and Paul Dornisch.

The lot has a frontage on Penn street of twenty feet, with a depth of ninety-four feet, extending back to a twelve feet wide public alley.

The improvements consist of a frame dwelling house, the main house being eighteen by eighteen feet, and two stories high, with frame one-story addition, eighteen by fifteen feet, with a frame shed kitchen attached. The house contains five rooms. A well of good water at the door.

The sale will commence at three o'clock in the afternoon. Terms—One hundred dollars in cash at close of sale; balance of purchase money on or before January 1, 1896.

JOHN C. STUCKERT, Trustee.
Edward N. Booz, Auctioneer.

Widow's Exemption Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the appraisement of the personal property of Daniel McDonald, deceased, late of the Borough of Bristol, claimed by Mary McDonald, his widow, under the Act of Assembly of April 14th, 1895, and its supplements, to be made by Patrick F. Fallon and Michael Callahan, appointed by the Orphans' Court of the County of Bucks, appraisers for that purpose, will be filed at an Orphans' Court to be held at Doylestown, in and for the County of Bucks, on Monday, the 1st day of July, A. D., 1895, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

GILKESON & WRIGHT,
Attorneys for the widow.

Charter Notice.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS IN THE COUNTY OF BUCKS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that an application will be made to the said Court on Monday, August 19th, 1895, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled, "An Act to provide for the Incorporation and Regulation of certain Corporations," approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the Charter of an intended corporation to be called Saint Michael's Benefical Society, the character and object whereof is the maintenance of a society for beneficial purposes to its members, from funds collected therein, and for these purposes to have, possess, and enjoy all the rights, benefits, and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

The proposed charter is now on file in the Prothonotary's office. WM. & J. C. STUCKERT, Solicitors.

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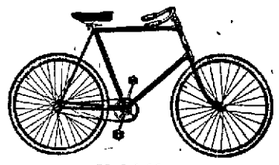

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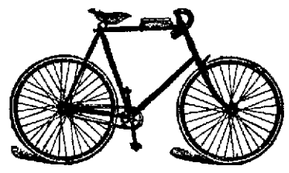

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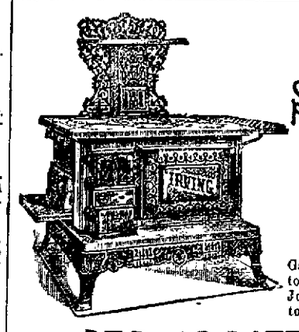

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HATS AND BODICES.

Fashionable and Becoming Veils—How to Hang the Bodice.

Leghorn is once more in favor for both hats and bonnets. It has the virtue of pliability, and it cleans for ever and a day. With all hats large and shrouding veils are worn, but of such light and flimy texture that they do not interfere either with the sight or with free ventilation. The objection to veils hitherto has been the friction they exercise on the eyebrows and eyelashes, but this objection does not ap-

ROSE COSTUME.

ply to the new fabrics for the purpose, as these are of the gossamer description, and the veil itself is so hung that it clears these features and minds its own business only, and that is to guard the complexion from the sun and wind. The Parisian veils are all rounded off and have a narrow border, scalloped. The most becoming have spots at wide intervals. White veils with black spots are very becoming.

Women who wish to keep their bodices fresh and in proper shape should suspend them over a coat hanger when they are not in use. If room for that cannot be afforded, loops of tape should be sewed on the inside of the armhole, at the under arm seam, by which to hang them up.

Sleeves continue to expand, and to so great an extent have they blossomed out that even in thin goods they require a fitted lining in order to maintain their position and fullness. A great deal of trimming is often employed upon the upper part, but the portion which covers the forearm is left comparatively plain. Stripes are much worn this season. They are seen in all sorts of goods—in muslin, silk and wool—and are becoming to most women except those of extremely tall and slender figure. In skirts the gores are so arranged that the stripes form vandykes, while in sleeves the stripes are bias at the upper part.

The cut shows a thin costume, the godet skirt of which is of emerald and rose silk in wide stripes. The blouse bodice is of white silk gauze over a close lining of rose silk. It is shirred around the collar and across the bosom under bands of pink roses with foliage. The soft belt of rose silk fastens under a knot at the side. The elbow sleeves are of gauze over silk and have a double puff. The white straw hat is adorned with pink ribbon and large pink poppies with jet middles.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

SUMMER WRAPS.

Extravagantly Trimmed, of Large Circumference and Much Beruffled.

Summer capes stop before reaching the waist line, but they make up in fullness what they lack in length. Some of the newest models are several yards in circumference, to match the flaring skirts now in vogue. These exceedingly full garments can be worn effectively only by tall, slender women. Cut cloth is much employed for capes. When the material used is pronounced in color, it is often veiled with

MANTELET.

sequined net, lace or embroidered net or chiffon, and vandyked lace is laid over the veiling, either plain or enriched with pearl, jet or metallic ornamentation. Seven different materials have been seen in one wrap. Every cape has a ruffle about the neck, whatever its destination. These ruffles were originally of plain ribbon, but are now elaborated in all sorts of fabrics, are trimmed with jet and other rich garnitures and are enormously full and broad.

Jackets are much worn in Paris just now, but no wardrobe is complete without a cape, which is so much more adaptable over trimmed bodices than any sleeved garment that it is sure to remain in favor as long as elaborate corsages are worn. Some of the new jackets are open in front, which necessitates a pretty arrangement underneath. This requirement is met by the vest, collar and cuff sets now sold, made of cambric or batiste and tucked and embroidered to the heart's desire. Sleeveless jackets have also made their appearance as a sort of tentative effort to overcome the sleeve difficulty without the aid of a cape, but they do not seem to take the fashionable fancy.

Besides the cape and jacket proper, there are innumerable little hybrid garments which serve as a finish to the out of door toilet, but can be classed under neither head. These are odd in shape and in adjustment, but often ravishing in effect, and are of the lightest and most frivolous materials, as a rule, decorated with lace frills and embroidery which make them expensive in spite of their slightness. An illustration of one of these vestments is given. It covers the back and the top of the sleeves, but comes nowhere near the neck. It is of glace silk embroidered around the edge and trimmed with two ruffles of yellow lace. This wrap is held on the wearer by two ribbons crossing in front and fastening at the waist behind under a huge bow with ends. Two embroidered silk ends hang down in front, finished with lace ruffles and secured to the wrap by choux.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

DESERT SICK.

Ah, me! My heart is sad today
For a sight of the palm clumps far away
On the golden sands of Aboukir bay.

I am sick of the long gray gaslit street
And the tiresome tramping of jaded feet,
For the Arab footsteps are dumb and fleet.

The Thames, fog ridden, is full of care
For the grim great barges that float on her,
But the dahabeahs move light as air.

Here all is noise, though never a tune,
But the Nile winds soft'ly 'neath sun and moon
To the supple song that the rushes croon.

Here skies are dun and there amethyst,
In the desert silence and God keep tryst,
And nothing stirs lest a word be missed.

—Percy Addleshaw in Academy.

VARIOUS NOTES.

Pros and Cons of Massage Treatment. Dress Superstitions.

So much stress is laid on the beneficial effects of massage that it may interest women who cannot afford to employ professional aid to know that many authorities consider the best as well as the simplest and least expensive form of massage is to strike the surface of the body sharply with the open hands. The chief objection is that the back and shoulders, which are often the parts that need treatment most, cannot be reached by the individual who owns them.

When any medical or hygienic theory attains the dimensions of a fad, there is usually something to be said upon the other side. Complaints are made that professional massage operators are sometimes rough and even brutal in their treatment of patients, doing positive harm instead of good by their manipulations. As the oper-

NET GOWN.

ators are usually strong, robust women, while many of the patients are slender and weakly, there would seem to be plausibility in this objection.

There are many curious superstitions connected with articles of wearing apparel. It is considered unlucky to pick up an old glove. A person who wears out the sole of his shoe in the center is born to be rich. To open an umbrella in the house is unlucky. For rats or mice to gnaw clothing is regarded as unlucky—as it well may be. A person who has his clothes mended while they are upon him will be the victim of untruthful reports. It is an evil omen to break a shoestring when starting upon a journey. To put on a garment wrong side out is unlucky.

It used to be a law in dress that widows who remarried should not wear white, but the idea of its inappropriateness seems to be gradually disappearing, and now frequently widows wear white, decorated with some color.

The pretty gown illustrated by today's sketch is of black net with applications of white lace. The full skirt is hung over a fashionably cut skirt of black faille and is adorned with lace butterflies and a border of lace insertion forming a braid pattern. The blouse corsage, of net over black silk, forms a large plait in front, which extends to the throat over a yoke of bluet faille. The wrinkled collar and the girdle are of the same tint, the latter closing at the left side with a chou and long ends. A large butterfly is placed across the bosom, and smaller ones dot the net of the immense wrinkled sleeves. The hat, of red straw, is trimmed with changeable bluet ribbon and bluets in two tones.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

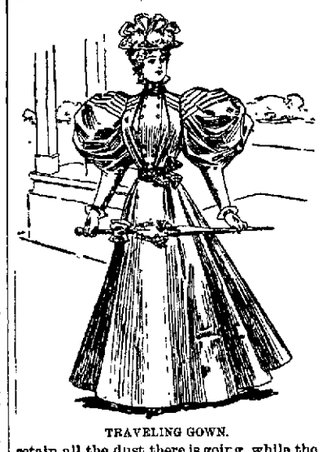
SERVICEABLE COSTUMES.

Serge Bicycle Suits, Poplin and Alpaca Traveling Gowns.

There is a new cycling skirt. Its chief feature is the detachable panel. The front and back panels are buttoned to the side parts of the skirt, and a strap at each side, which fits the foot, keeps the skirt in place. When not riding, it is available for walking purposes by a simple rearrangement of buttons. This sensible and clever skirt is the design of a lady. It just touches the top of the boot, which is long and supporting.

Now that bloomers have come to stay, whether the skirt be worn with them or not, it is rather amusing to look back a year or so and recall what a fuss was made over their first adoption. There can be no doubt that they are vastly more proper for bicycling than petticoats of frilled muslin.

Serge or other hard twisted weaves of cloth are better for bicycle suits than flannel or soft weaves, for the latter catch and



TRAVELING GOWN.

retain all the dust there is going, while the former shed at least a portion of it, besides being better in point of wear. It is a mistake to use too heavy goods, even for riding in cold weather. It is better to secure extra warmth by means of thicker underwear than to increase the weight of the outer attire.

Poplin and alpaca are worn this year and are eminently desirable on account of their lightness, stiffness (and therefore suitability to the present flaring mode) and dustproof qualities. For dust cloaks and traveling gowns they are most satisfactory, and as they are to be obtained in many grades they are within everybody's scope.

The traveling costume shown in the sketch is of French blue poplin. The skirt, which is plain, has very full godets. The blouse bodice is decorated with small gold buttons. The draped collar is of poplin, while the belt is of plaid silk. The gigot sleeves are tucked at the top and fastened at the wrists with gold buttons. Batiste collar and cuffs are worn. The hat is of straw trimmed with hortensias and blue and yellow glace ribbon.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

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GALLANT LORD BERESFORD.

The Brave Deed That Won Him the Coveted Victoria Cross.

Lord William Beresford is the best known man of his age in the British army, in which the fighting Beresfords have been famous for four generations. He won exceptional praise for his gallantry in the expedition made by one armed old Sir Sam Browne's column through the deadly Khyber pass into Afghanland in 1878. The following year he was ordered to Zululand as A. D. C. to General Sir Redvers Buller, a silent, saturnine soldier, a fierce, cool and resolute fighter, who commanded the cavalry in Lord Chelmsford's expedition against the great Zulu leader, Cetewayo. Here it was that Beresford won the most coveted honor the English soldier can receive, the Victoria Cross, only given for the most distinguished gallantry in the face of the enemy.

"Beresford," said Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent, who told the story the last time he was in Washington, "was out on a scout or rather an armed reconnoissance, to ascertain the strength of the Zulu forces. Buller directed him to be very wary, or he would be ambuscaded. The advice was good, for about ten miles from camp, on the White Umvalosi river, there sprang up out of a deep water cut crossing the plain a line of Zulus 2,000 strong. Beresford immediately ordered his force—only four troops strong—to fall back, keeping the Zulus in check. Just then a sergeant was shot off his horse and the Zulus made a dash for him. Beresford turned back, and with one hand pulled the wounded man up behind him while he held his cocked Colt's revolver in the other. He had just got the man up when the warriors were on him. He shot four in about eight seconds, and thus halted them. He was joined by Sergeant O'Toole, and with his aid Beresford was able to get back to the command, which fell back slowly till they recrossed the river, and were reenforced by Buller's whole command.

"I tell you, it was touch and go, for had Beresford's horse stumbled with the double load he carried, Bill would have been a 'goner.' Well, Sir Evelyn Wood recommended him for the Victoria Cross, and the queen immediately granted the request. But Beresford refused to accept it unless Sergeant O'Toole was similarly honored. 'I could never have got back with Fitz-Maurice,' said Beresford, 'had not O'Toole come to me. If I deserve it, he surely does too.' So the gazette that announced Beresford's decoration also told the army that the same honor had been conferred upon Sergeant Edmund O'Toole of Baker's Horse."—Washington Post.

Nicholas.

As a Christian name Nicholas positively came over with the conqueror. He landed in the parish of St. Nicholas, at Pevensey. Domesday book contains only one Nicolas, undisfigured as yet by that intrusive aspirate, which has also taken undue possession of Antony, though it has dropped out, en revanche, from Hadrian and from Hannah. From the conquest on the Nicholases multiplied and were very abundant. I find the name most frequent in mediæval documents. Nicolas Breakspear was the only Englishman ever made a pope; Nicholas Ridley was the burned bishop, while Sir Nicholas Bacon was father of the man who, there is every reason to suppose, did not write "Hamlet," "Macbeth" and "Othello." Nicholas Udall, master of Eton, was the author of "Ralph Roister-Doister," the first English comedy. In Scotland the name got shortened into Nicol, in which form it was borne by many a "kinless loon," as well as by the immortal Baillie Nicol Jarvie. Pope Nicholas V, who founded the Capella Niccolina at the Vatican, gave it a fresh lease of life. But the reformation scotched it. It lingered on awhile in some half hearted way, and received its coup de grace from the grotesque combination of Nicholas Nickleby.—Cornhill Magazine.

Colored Bromide Prints.

In photographic art, the colored bromide prints by Seibi have for some time past attracted much attention. It seems that the prints are developed with eikonogen and fixed in a neutral bath without the interposition of an acid bath, then thoroughly washed and afterward treated with a solution composed of one-half ounce nitrate of lead, three-fourths ounce red prussiate of potash and 12 ounces of water. This converts the image from black into a faint yellow, when they are again thoroughly washed and the yellow image toned to different colors by means of various solutions. Thus, for blue, five ounces perchloride of iron and six ounces of water are used, and, for another blue, sometimes called a black blue, the prints are treated with a weak solution of ferrous sulphate; for green, one-half ounce neutral chromate of potassium and 12 ounces of water, the prints being washed and afterward treated like the blues; for brown or red sepia, five drams copper chloride and six ounces of water, the action of this solution being very rapid.—New York Sun.

At the Cathedral, Avignon.

I expected great things from a church whence seven popes in succession sent forth blessings and excommunications to have effect throughout the whole of the Catholic world. If not a rival of St. Peter's of Rome, it ought, I fancied, to come a good second to it in magnificence and general impressiveness.

What an illusion, to be sure!

Its facade is barely striking, and its interior is dark and gloomy as a tomb. There were names scrawled about its exterior walls, on the statuary and elsewhere, and for a moment or two ere pushing its portal I tarried in shelter with two little schoolboys in blue smock frocks, who hummed a profane air—here, in one of the spots of the most august memories in Christendom. Workmen were hammering and singing up above on the tower, which bears a mammoth figure of the Virgin for a finial, in the teeth of the wind and the rain. And the Calvary in front of the porch dripped water from all its angles most dismally.—All the Year Round.

One's physical feelings, like the faithful setter, search and point out plainly the fact of disease or health.

If a man is not feeling well and vigorous—if he is losing flesh and vitality, if he is listless, nervous, sleepless, he certainly is not well. The down hill road from health to sickness is smooth and declines rapidly.

At the first intimation of disease, the wise man takes a pure, simple vegetable tonic. It puts his digestion into good active order and that puts the rest of his body in order. The medicine that will do this is a medicine that is good to take in any trouble of the blood, the digestion, or the respiration, no matter how serious it may have become.

The medicine to take is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is a remarkable remedy. It cures diseases in a perfectly natural way, without the use of strong drugs. It cures by helping Nature. It has a peculiar tonic effect on the lining membranes of the stomach and bowels. By putting these membranes into healthy condition, stimulating the secretion of the various digestive juices and furnishing to the blood the proper purifying properties, it reaches out over the whole body and drives disease-germs before it into the usual excretory channels. It builds up firm muscular flesh, makes the skin and the eyes bright.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has been found wonderfully efficacious in the treatment of skin diseases—eczema, tetter, erysipelas, salt-rheum—from common pimples or blotches to the worst case of scrofula.

Miscellaneous Miscellaneous.

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Miscellaneous

Harper's Magazine.

IN 1895.

The Simplestons, a new novel by THOMAS HARDY, will be begun in the December Number, 1894, and continued to November, 1895. Whoever may be one's favorite among English novelists, it will be conceded by all critics that Thomas Hardy stands foremost as a master artist in fiction, and The Simplestons may be expected to arouse enthusiasm not inferior in degree to that which has marked Trilby—the most successful story of the year. Another leading feature will be the Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc, by the Sieur Louis de Conte, Her Page and Secretary, under which guise the most popular of living American magazine writers will present the story of the Maid of Orleans. In the January Number will appear a profusely illustrated paper on Charleston and the Carolinas, the first of a series of Southern Papers.

Northern Africa is attracting more attention than at any other time since it was the seat of empires. The next volume of HARPER'S MAGAZINE will contain four illustrated articles on that region, and three of them will depict the present life there. Julian Ralph will prepare for the MAGAZINE a series of eight stories, depicting typical phases of Chinese Life and Manners. Besides the long stories, there will begin in the January Number the first chapters of A Three-Part Novelette, by Richard Harding Davis—the longest work yet attempted by this writer. Complete short stories by popular writers will continue to be a feature of the MAGAZINE.

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An American Serial, Doctor Warrick's Daughters, by Rebecca Harding Davis, a strong novel of American life, partly in Pennsylvania and partly in the far South, will occupy the last half of the year.

My Lady Nobody, an intensely exciting novel, by Maarten Maartens, author of "God's Fool," "The Greater Glory," etc., will begin the year.

Essays and Social Chats. To this department Spectator will contribute her charming papers on "What We are Doing" in New York society.

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IN 1895.

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The manner in which, during 1894, it has treated the Chicago Railway Strike and the Chino-Japanese War, and the amount of light it was able to throw on Korea the instant attention was directed to that little-known country, are examples of its almost boundless resources. Julian Ralph, the distinguished writer and correspondent, has been sent to the seat of war, and there joined by C. D. Weldon, the well known American artist, now for many years resident in Japan, who has been engaged to co-operate with Mr. Ralph in sending to HARPER'S WEEKLY exclusive information and illustration.

During 1895 every vital question will be discussed with vigor and without prejudice in the editorial columns, and also in special articles by the highest authorities in each department. Portraits of the men and women who are making history, and powerful and caustic political cartoons, will continue to be characteristic features. This Busy World, with its keen and kindly comment on the lesser doings of the day, will remain a regular department.

Fiction. There will be two powerful serials, both handsomely illustrated—The Red Cockade, a stirring romance of olden days by Stanly J. Weyman, and a novel of New York, entitled The Son of His Father, by Brander Matthews—several novelettes, and many short stories by popular writers.

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